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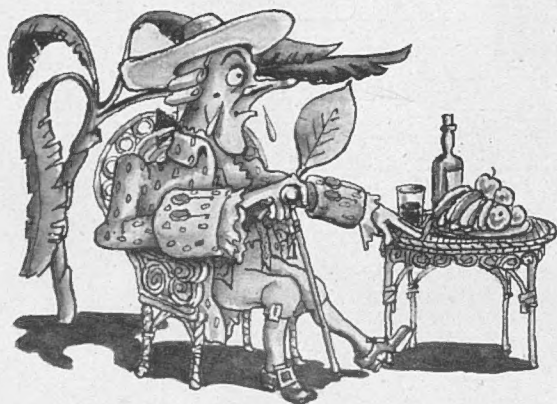
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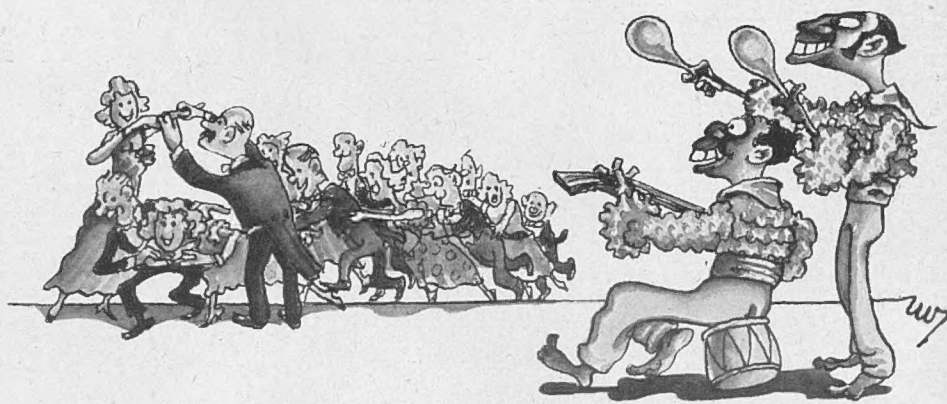
Pearl Freeman

Lady Winnington

Lady Winnington is the wife of Sir Francis Winnington, Bt. Her husband, who is the sixth baronet, is in the Welsh Guards and was a prisoner of war in Germany for three and a half years. Lady Winnington is a kinswoman of the Earl of Kilmorey and the Earl of Jersey through her grandmother the late Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe. She is the daughter of the late Captain Lawrence Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, and of Mrs. Drury-Lowe. Sir Francis and Lady Winnington have one small daughter, Charmian Anne, who was born in 1945. Sir Francis succeeded his grandfather in 1931. Their home is Brockhill Court, Worcestershire



Decorations by Wysard



Simon Harcourt-Smith

Portraits in Print

ONE evening lately, with many misgivings, I set off for a long journey into the country, driving the odious old car to which I am at present reduced. Some fifty miles from London what little virtue it had ever possessed began to run out of it. Soon we could depend on no more than two corrupted cylinders.

Then there was a puncture. Some four hours later, battling to keep the engine alive, as if I were a doctor and it were a client I could not afford to lose, we reached an inn in a certain market town for which I cherish much affection. It was not only a comfortable inn, but it possessed the added virtue of being still open at one o'clock in the morning; for some local hospital had organized a ball; in frivolous, unsterilized clothes, doctors and nurses surrendered to the dance.

Incongruous Conga

As I went downstairs to give last instructions for the repair of the car in the morning, I heard the strains of the conga. The music sounded queer enough in a Georgian coaching inn. "Black-eyed Susan," or "It's My Delight on a Shiny Night," would have been superficially more appropriate. But here it was—the evocation of the tribal dance and the slave ship in which the percentage of deaths had not become uneconomic, the voodoo doctor and the bandstand in the Plaza de la Republica. I wondered how in an English country town they would dance this—the most complicated of all Caribbean rhythms to travel abroad. I looked into the ballroom. Ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra-TA went the band. To this exotic measure they were merely doing "Oranges and Lemons."

Immediately my mind went back to Paris and Brussels just before the war. Up in Mont Parnasse there was a Martiniquaise place called the Boule Blanche. Night after night I went there to watch the coloured boys in their smart white trousers, and turbaned negresses before whom Baudelaire would have been in ecstasy, go through the proud ritual of rumba and samba, son and calypso. The

world seemed entirely made of elastic hips, teeth that flashed like searchlights, head-dresses like Douanier Rousseau's dream of a tropic forest. There would come a pause, the air grew tense, the band gave a crash, and broke into a conga. At once the dancers formed into a long serpentine single file, and round the room they went, shoulders trembling to the first six beats, then with infinite laughter the convulsive carefree kick on the seventh.

A Brussels Merry-making

I WOULD drive back to Brussels through the sad coalfields and the unfinished extension of the Maginot Line to the sea. That night I would go to a Belgian party, or perhaps to some Brussels night club. A conga would be struck up, and all at once the staidest of my Belgian friends became possessed by a demon. Here was no delicate trembling of turbans, no frivolous black kick like the flirting of a cat's tail; but with empurpled faces and starting eyes the company fell into a wild orgy of prances and leaps, in which flounces were torn, silk stockings ripped, and waistcoat buttons went whizzing to the farthest corner.

They would never believe this was not the proper conga. They did not listen to those of their compatriots who had seen the genuine article; and while they might have listened to me, a foreigner, I for my part would not have changed their antics at any price. For they were, I recognized, a twentieth-century version of the boisterous Flemish dances which we see in tapestries of Flemish peasant scenes after Teniers, the great hearty hopping and skipping that must have made the whole Kermesse shake. . . .

Seating myself at a table on the edge of the floor, "Plus haut," I would cry, "encore

plus haut!" Occasionally some doe-eyed beauty would send me a reproachful glance as she rubbed her bruises. But for the most part the dancers showed indomitable courage. I wonder if "Oranges and Lemons" with their affectionate decorums are as true to the English character as this hopping was to the Belgian one?

Juggernaut Planning Bill

THIS is no place for party polemics, but no person of any spirit can remain eternally aloof from the issues of his own day. Like many other people who are not Socialists, I welcomed the advent to power of the present Government. In the troubles that lay ahead, and particularly in the domain of foreign affairs, the advantages were obvious of an administration drawn from a party which more perhaps than any other claimed to represent the "people." And I was not in love with the prospect of another five years of Tory rule.

I still believe this Government to be doing reasonably well in circumstances of appalling difficulty, I still believe that we must congratulate ourselves on not having a Tory at the Foreign Office to cope with Monsieur Molotov; I am even inclined to support the detested Transport Bill. But the attitude of many Socialists, and of the Left Wing Press, to the new Town and Country Planning Bill cannot but inspire misgivings. For here is a great party, the richest, the most powerful in the State, showing signs of what looks remarkably like a spirit of revenge and petty spite.

Perhaps the Palladian country house and the deer park by "Capability" Brown must disappear as a consequence of the Bill. Perhaps England will gain thereby. But if these things which are so much a part of our cultural tradition have outlived their purpose, let us not gloat, let us not mock at the end of the landed gentry. The country house may nowadays breed a race of men who know more about hounds than they do about government. They may in many cases be slow-witted, reactionary (personally I never see the harm in that!), arrogant, ill-educated and tasteless.



But in its time the country house—as Lewis Mumford rightly points out in his wonderful *Condition of Man*—has been the very basis of our civilization. Certainly without your country gentlemen, your Hampden, Cromwell or Godolphin, your Grey or your Durham, the Left Wing Movement, and indeed all liberal thought, would be infinitely the poorer.

I cannot understand this urge to destroy privilege and leisure, to turn us all into commuting townees. Privilege and leisure, the deer park and the Corinthian temple are only reprehensible if they be bought with great human suffering. Surely we should keep before us the ideal of a deer park for everyone, not one of Mr. Silkin's satellite towns? Surely we want a race that isn't frightened of drinking milk straight from the cow, and is not comfortable only when it comes out of a bottle? But perhaps I am a reactionary?

Taste and the Third Programme

I IMAGINED that we must despair of the B.B.C. when presto! the Third Programme is conceived. To someone living in the country it has come as a sudden boon that is fast becoming a part of one's life—to such a point indeed that last night when about to plunge into the gusty darkness, to go to dinner twenty miles away, and happening to see that Purcell's "Indian Queen" was about to be played, I very nearly doffed my coat, almost picked up the telephone to make halting excuses.



Having said this, I am perhaps ungenerous to cavil. But I am sometimes bemused by what seems a curious lack of sensibility which occasionally informs the arrangement of the Third Programme. Three nights ago for example there was a magnificent performance of the *Litanie Lauretana*, a Litany for Our Lady of Loreto written by Mozart at the age of eighteen.

Rarely heard, it is to my mind a work almost as great, if in a more florid style, as Bach's *Matthew Passion*. Here the performance was exhilarating, infinitely moving. It was followed by a talk at once learned and witty on "Les Six," that brilliant group of French musicians—Poulenc, Milhaud, Auric, Honneger, etc.—whose music has influenced so much of our taste during the last generation.

Then came a series of trumpery songs—little better indeed than drawing-room ballads—settings of poems embarrassing in their degree of incompetence. Why, why, take us up to Heaven with Mozart, charm us with Milhaud and Poulenc, then dash us down into a suburban doldrum? I suggest that English

nationality is not in itself recommendation enough for such songs to be included in the Third Programme.

Mr. Byrnes's Successor

EVERY friend of the United States will regret the resignation of Mr. Byrnes from the second office in the Union. His immediate predecessors had not perhaps been of a stature equal to present occasions. He himself may have groped in the first months of his presence at the State Department. He tried appeasement with Russia, it is true, but we must think none the worse of him for that. It was his duty to try, and on his return from Moscow just about a year ago, he soon recognized his failure, and turned to a more bellicose mood. No American Secretary of State save perhaps Mr. Cordell Hull has, I imagined, worked on closer terms with his British colleagues. And we can be pretty certain that this happy tradition will be continued by General Marshall. No American commander in the war got on better with the British than he did—not even General Eisenhower.

The main problem, however, will not be General Marshall's relations with us, but with the Russians. As Chief of Staff he has necessarily been forced to play somewhat of the statesman during the last eight years. He must be personally acquainted with many of the leading figures in Moscow. Will he get on better with them than did Mr. Byrnes?

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

EAST noticeable guest at London's carefully secluded diplomatic receptions during the war was a youthful native of South America. Few of his friends realized that the shy, fair-haired member of the Foreign Office had already witnessed, written, immortal international pages, as sym-

pathetic interpreter at the Munich affair talks between Chamberlain and Halifax with Daladier and Bonnet; in Moscow, in fateful 1939; in Lisbon in 1943, when he induced Portugal to lend us the Azores to fight the U-boats.

House captain at Rugby, courageous scrum half, useful wicket-keeper, scholar at Trinity, Cambridge, Mr. Frank Kenyon Roberts was absurdly young for selection as head of the important Central division for Europe at the Foreign Office.

We were lunching, and I said, "You should travel again." Roberts smiled, remained silent. A few days later he was off to Moscow, as Minister. For some time he acted as *Chargé d'Affaires* in the Soviet capital, during delicate periods. A few days ago he gave a luncheon for Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, attended Stalin's banquet, returned with Montgomery to London, for important talks. He is not yet forty. Roberts has a charming Egyptian wife, no hobbies, and one rare quality: he automatically sees virtues as well as frailties in his fellows. Above all, he is a listener.

Is there an Arab painter in this country? I point out an opportunity for him to redecorate the principal study at the new Saudi Arabian Legation in Belgrave Square. The Minister, picturesque Sheik Hafiz Wahba, tells me that on Arab territory he prefers to have Arab, instead of Chinese, paintings around him. By virtue of the Minister's presence, No. 30 Belgrave Square is, of course, now a portion of Arabia. But, after seventeen years in our midst, the Sheik is almost one of ourselves.

SOON a trade and economic mission of unusual interest will be here from South America's smallest but perhaps most progressive republic, and the business of the delegates will concern every one of us—at our tables. Uruguay desires to discuss our request for increased shipments of meat, and, incidentally, the disposal of the £20,000,000 "frozen" in her coffers during the war.

The Uruguayans have been sending us almost a thousand tons of meat a week, and their envoys will be introduced to London by pensive, precise Dr. Roberto MacEachen, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's since August, 1943, whose great-grandfather left Scotland's islands in 1820.

GREAT BRITAIN has many links with the two million people who inhabit the undulating grass plains on which roam eight million cattle and eighteen million sheep, in an area three-quarters of that occupied by the British Isles. A century and a quarter ago we helped Uruguay to gain independence.

MacEachen proudly points out that Uruguay introduced long ago the reforms now fashionable in the West—old-age insurance, maternity and child welfare centres, compulsory and free primary education, as well, of course, as that unique measure, the law of the chair. Shop assistants must be provided with facilities for a rest when no one faces them across the counter.

At the age of fifteen a bright pupil in the British School, Montevideo, approached Uruguay's Foreign Minister asking for "any job," so as to help with library dues. Young Roberto was given twenty pesos (about £5) a month, mostly in silver to make it look more, and told to speak English at tea-time with the Under-Secretary of State. The rest of the day he copied treaties signed by Uruguay since the days of independence. The President liked the report of this Secretary-General of the Uruguayan delegation to the Pan-American conference in Havana, made him First Secretary in London. Thence deserved promotions, and, at forty-seven the leading Embassy in the service of his country.

George Bilainkin.



H. E. Mme Roberto MacEachen
wife of the Uruguayan Ambassador

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Two Films



Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in the exciting new Hitchcock film "Notorious." Claude Rains is the third star

WHAT a delightful place Cannes must be when it is not cluttered up with a Film Festival! So delightful that as soon as the Government does away with the trying financial restrictions I shall get my doctor to order me a week's rest-cure there. After all, it's not a very arduous journey; I heard of a man recently who got there in eight days and managed to get back in something under ten.

But Cannes with the Film Festival, no thank you! It then takes on the aspect of our own Morecambe Bay during a Jamboree at which the choirs of Leeds, Sheffield, Doncaster and Hull are all shouting their heads off. I shall never forget the opening of that fantastic business at Cannes, mismanaged as only a government can mismanage things. Officially the show opened with *Caesar and Cleopatra*. But no Press tickets were available, and nobody knew who had them. I shall never forget the spectacle of one most distinguished film critic sitting with his head in his hands, having made six efforts to obtain admission.

I told him that a critic who couldn't write about a film he hadn't seen was not a professional but a bungling amateur. He said, "My dear Agate, all the world knows that you write better about films you haven't seen than about those you have." I said, "Scope, dear boy! Scope is everything, as the woman in Wilde's play remarked about Margin."

SOMETIME in the afternoon the authorities got wise to the notion that having invited a number of critics it might not be a bad plan to let them see something of what was going on. Wherefore one got a glimpse of a Mexican version of *The Three Musketeers*, a travesty on Dumas's story, in Spanish and in the Bob Hope manner, except that the Mexican Bob Hope was totally unfunny. I remember wishing that somebody would sweep it all away and substitute a version in the Damon Runyon manner, with the three swaggerers played by Harry the Horse, Spanish John and Little Isadore. The Mexican nonsense went on so long that the audience melted away in order to consume a bock or two at the little café under the lime trees, returning, alas, to find the thing still continuing.

Then some time after midnight they put on the new Hitchcock film, *Notorious*. At about 12.30 this was stopped and restarted, as

they had got the reels in the wrong order. Too much for me and my companion, and we left in search of supper, or anyhow a drink. We found this at the little Zanzi-Bar Café, where a furious *bagarre* suddenly started. Things were beginning to look ugly when this barman rapped on the counter and said: "M'dames et M'sieurs, j'ai une triste nouvelle à vous annoncer. Raimu est mort ce soir." And at once the quarrel was submerged in the general grief.

YES, that Festival would have been intolerable if it had not been for *La Symphonie Pastorale* (Curzon). This film was the winner of three International Awards. Michele Morgan got the Grand Prix. The picture was pronounced to be the best French film of the year, and it also secured the prize for the best musical score, the composer being Georges Auric. There is no doubt about this being a film for intellectuals, "one of those rare films with a beginning, a middle and an end conceived in visual as well as narrative terms." In other words, snow.

Which reminds me of a letter I received from Sir Max Beerbohm some years ago apropos of an anthology of dramatic criticism I had compiled. "I rather agree with Desmond in the *Sunday Times* that there is too much about Sarah Bernhardt. You may say, 'One can't hear too much about Sarah.' But I, in my blunt Yorkshire way (for I am Yorkshire on the distaff side), reply, 'Lad, one can.'" Our leading film critic may say one can't have too much snow in a picture. And I, in my blunt Yorkshire way (for I, too, am Yorkshire on the distaff side), reply, "Lady, one can."

BEING in the mood of not quite sticking to the point, I permit myself a little story. During the war I received a poem entitled *Snow On My Seven Days* and beginning:

"English snow from a heavy English sky,
Quietly greeting me, drifting incessantly,
slow.

Strange I should find it enchanting—I
who have cursed,
Stumbling blinded and chilled, hating
the snow."

The rest of the poem envisaged the difficulty the writer, back from leave, would have in explaining to the boys in Iceland what a jolly thing snow can be. "How they will laugh! How to explain the peace and the silence it brings?" And so on.

I wrote a sympathetic letter to the poet and received this reply: "Don't be silly. I am a woman of forty and wrote the thing over the kitchen stove while I was getting dinner ready for the old man and six kids." From all of which it will be gathered that *La Symphonie Pastorale* is an excellent picture, though if I

must go and look at snow I would rather do it in a heat-wave at Cannes than with the marrow in my spine rattling like a penny in a money-box.

This picture, which was originally a story by André Gide, proves that films can be made out of novels, if only you get the right novel. Which, of course, is a thing film directors seldom or never do. They insist on choosing novels whose point is character held together by a story, the result being that in a film the characters get lost and a stress is laid on the plot which the novelist never meant it to bear.

How film directors can go on overlooking essentially filmable novels like Thackeray's *Esmond* and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* is something I just can't understand. On the other hand, I do understand why they bother with amiable balderdash like *Hungry Hill* (Gaumont). The reason is, of course, that the public likes amiable balderdash. And if that balderdash, besides being amiable, is also dull, the public is enchanted.

WHY anybody should want to film Daphne du Maurier's meandering, undramatic story instead of the more compact and in every way better work, Arnold Bennett's *Milestones*, I just don't know. Was it because of the Irish colour? But except for a few bashed-in has and clay pipes the thing might have been happening in Basutoland or the Mendips. There isn't, you see, any local colour. You wouldn't gather from this film that anybody in it had ever seen a horse, whereas the love of horses is, next to quarrelling about religion and politics, the Irishman's ruling passion. Nor is there, so far as I could make out, one single stroke of wit from the beginning to the end, and wit is the first of all Irish characteristics.

This picture, which might have been called *Irishman's Creek*, is about as Irish as *Frenchman's Creek* was French. It pretends to be about a copper mine and a feud, but is really about Margaret Lockwood. I feel like saying about this eminent artist what an American critic said about an American film star: "While she's having a soul, she's also got a mass of frumpies; watching them sort of hypnotises people, and keeps their minds off the spiritual things she says." Lockwood wears a lot of frocks, and once I caught her doing a first-rate bit of acting. Which invites the suggestion that she should look out, since any caper of that sort will get her into trouble with her fans.

Cecil Parker is good, and so are one or two of the Irish players. As for the rest, I suppose a duller lot could have been got together, though it would have been a tricky business. Brian Desmond Hurst has produced with his usual skill and perceptiveness. Which is very clever of him in view of the fact that he has little, or nothing to be skilful or perceptive about.

MONA INGLESBY

Mona Inglesby formed the International Ballet Company in 1940 and holds three of the most important posts in it, for she is prima ballerina, choreographer and director. In this picture she is seen as the bride in her own fifteenth-century ballet *Amoras*, which is one of the most popular works that she has created for the company. Her professional training started with the Ballet Club, understudying Alicia Markova. She then studied in Paris and in London. In private life she is Mrs. George Derrington



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message For Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

The Glean (Globe). Warren Chatham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emyln Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Caviar To The General (New Lindsey Theatre). A brilliant satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugene Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success. **But For The Grace Of God** (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance To Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Barry Sinclair and Roma Beaumont.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Between Ourselves (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

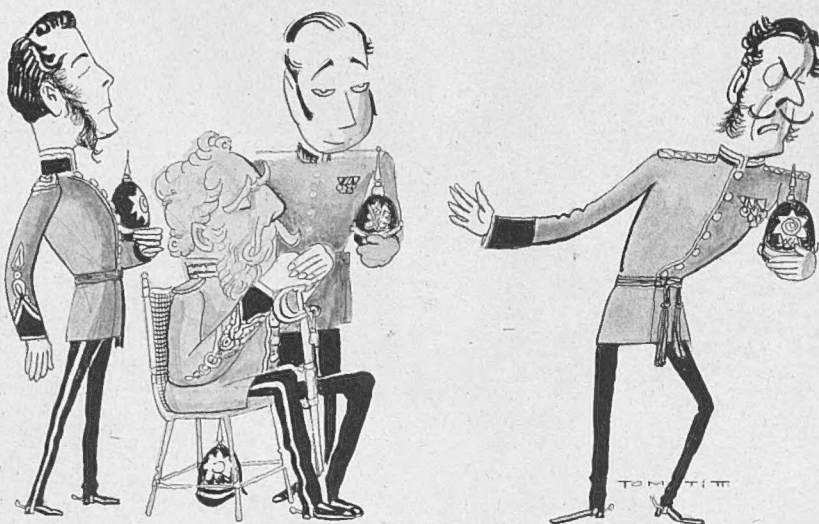
The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Children's Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

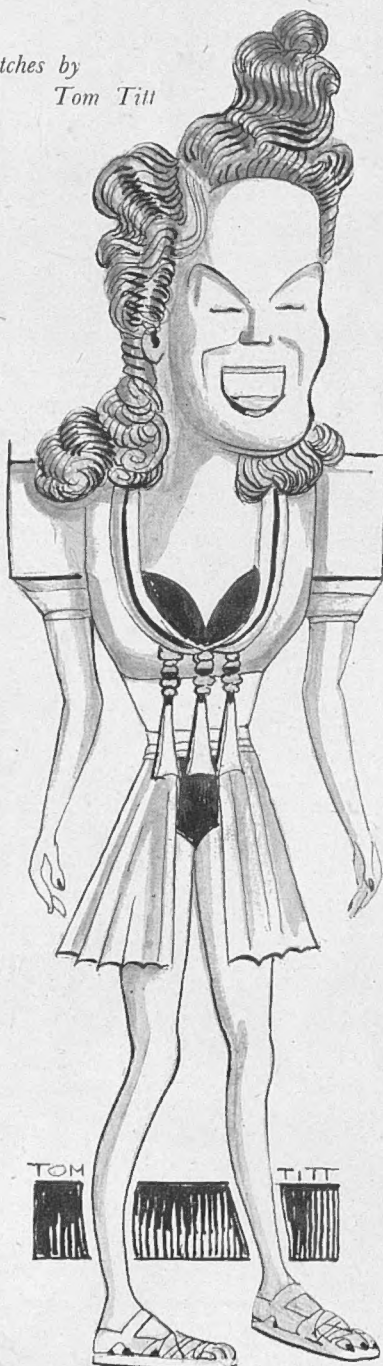
Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Peter Pan (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.



Gordon Little as the Major, George Benson as the Colonel and Bill Fraser as the Lieutenant, listen with repugnance as Wallas Eaton, the Captain, recounts incident of the lady whose name was mentioned in the mess

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



Zoe Gail sings and dances her way through the number "My Sailor Hates the Sea," with the assistance of Donald Clive as the sailor

The

"Between Ourselves"

REVUES, even when put together by half a dozen authors, tend to develop personalities of their own—a proof, possibly, that there is a purpose in everything. Some are so disagreeably pretentious that we dislike even their indubitable clevernesses. The personality of *Between Ourselves* is friendly.

Some of its sketches are tenth-rate; it is somehow easy to make allowances for them, you hardly know on what account. Let us say on account of the pleasantness of the authors, Messrs. Maschwitz, Waldo and Melville, and the pleasantness of everybody concerned—Messrs. Bill Fraser, George Benson and Wallas Eaton, Mesdames Betty Ann Davies, Zoe Gail, Beryl Measor and Hilary Allen, and the rest.

IF an agreeable raconteur of the dinner table tells you three cracker-jack stories you do not, after all, complain that the fourth was pointless. You forget it. The political skit, "Left Honourables," which in its original version excited the Censor, is a fourth. So is "Upjohn—and Atom!" And the song which professes to discover the humour of setting lovely familiar lyrics to swing music is lamentable. These, and at least one of the more elaborate dances, are the flops of the evening, but they are soon over and easily forgotten.

The things that remain in the mind are a group of first-rate sketches, one first-rate song and several others that only just stop short of the first-rate. The really good song is that sung by a quartet of Ouida's officers recalling the horror with which they learned that a lady's name had been mentioned in the mess.

There is here a delightful idea which is not thrown away but ingeniously developed verse by verse until, in the end, the four old boys in the regimental oil painting are four distinct characters enmeshed in the same absurdity, to say nothing of the lady whose character is no less distinct. The wittiest of the sketches presents a working-class home in which Mum and Dad, denied the educational advantages

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MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY, the most beautiful debutante of her year, and to-day one of the loveliest of our young matrons. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George Whigham

Cecil Beaton



Photographs by Farmer's

The population of Chiddingfold fraternise with the pack, in front of the Crown Inn, whose licence dates back to the thirteenth century

THE MEET OUTSIDE THE OLD INN

A Sussex Village Turns Out to Greet the Chiddingfold and Leconfield Hunt



Mr. J. Craft, a veterinary surgeon, and Mrs. Craft were among the large field which gathered outside the Crown



Miss Rosamund Ash, of Grayswood, Haslemere, was one of the many young followers, whose attendance was a feature of the meet



Miss Diana Robinson was also on a shaggy pony, but her sister, Virginia Robinson, qualified for a loftier mount



Miss Vivian Groves with a small but very confident-looking friend



Mrs. Fancourt with Miss Celia Fancourt, whose turn-out was extremely smart



Mr. Ben Butler, the Second Whip, raises his stirrup-cup before an admiring group



Miss Ann Robinson and Master Michael Peck, keen riders from Haslemere



Master Tim Morgan, one of the smallest riders present, invokes outside aid in tightening his girth



The most exciting day in the village's year, with everyone making the most of it. On the right can be seen the Joint-Masters, Mr. R. Barlow and his mother, and the Field Master, Captain J. D. Moore. The Chiddingfold and Leconfield hunts were amalgamated in 1942



Craston, Chippenham

Coming-of-Age Ball In Wiltshire

A coming-of-age ball was given recently at Corsham Court, Wiltshire, for Mr. John Methuen, by his uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Methuen. The group above includes (right to left) the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Methuen, Mr. John Methuen, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Methuen, his father, the Hon. Anthony Methuen, Lady Methuen and Lord Methuen

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE Duchess of Kent, back at Coppins, her Iver home, after Christmas at Sandringham, has been seen about a good deal lately, taking her children to a series of post-Christmas outings, like so many other parents, and enjoying herself greatly in the process, as most parents do. Fulfilling a long-standing promise, she took the young Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra, who grows prettier each time she comes out, and young Prince Michael to the Olympia Circus. Lord and Lady Herbert, with their own two children, accompanied H.R.H.

FAMILY PARTY FOR THE CIRCUS

A pantomime visit and an afternoon at the Sadler's Wells ballet were two of the other outings which the young Kents thoroughly enjoyed.

Lord Herbert, the Duchess's Comptroller and Secretary, is in Scotland, spending a few days' leave shooting.

Other members of the Royal Family to be seen informally in the West End lately have included Lord Carisbrooke, who, immaculate in a superbly-fitting astrakhan-collared overcoat, was vainly trying to hail a taxi in Bond Street during a pre-luncheon downpour of rain, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, whom I saw lunching.

ALNWICK CASTLE, the lovely home of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, was once again the setting for the Percy Hunt Ball. The magnificent old banquetting-hall makes a splendid ballroom, and over 500 guests were all able to dance quite comfortably, without crowding, Eightsomes, Strip the Willow and the Highland Schottische, as well as the more modern dances. The ball was voted by everyone a tremendous success and back to pre-war standards, except that there was no champagne supper as in pre-war days.

SUCCESSFUL PERCY HUNT BALL

The young Duchess looked really lovely in a white off-the-shoulder brocade dress. This was the Duchess's first Hunt Ball at Alnwick since she has become Chatelaine of the Castle, and with the Duke she had a house-party of young people for the ball. Their guests included her only sister, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who looked pretty in black; her brother, the Earl of Dalkeith; the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's younger girl, Lady Anne Cavendish; Miss Barbara Lambton, the Hon. Clayre Campbell, Earl Haig, the Hon. Mathew Ridley, the Hon. Julian Fane and the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Lambton. All the men in this party were

in pink coats, except the Hon. Mathew Ridley and the Hon. Julian Fane.

Helen Duchess of Northumberland, looking charming in a plain silver lamé frock, brought a family party over from Lesbury, including her two daughters, the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Ellesmere, with their husbands, and her two younger sons, the Lords Richard and Geoffrey Percy.

LADY BEVERIDGE brought a party over from Tuggal Hall; Lady Milburn's party included her elder son John and his wife; Miss Marjorie Weeks had a large party which included attractive Mrs. Gerald Styles and Miss June Streatfield. Lt.-Col. Thorpe, M.P., and Mrs. Thorpe were others who brought a party.

MORE OF THE GUESTS AT ALNWICK

Miss Elizabeth Fenwick-Clennel, who came in a large party, was one of the outstandingly pretty girls I saw dancing energetically the whole evening. Among other young people who came in parties were the Hon. Lady Buchanan-Riddell's youngest daughter Hester, Sir Walter Aitchison's daughter Diana, and the Hon. Nicholas Ridley (whose elder brother, Mathew, I have already mentioned as a member

of the ducal house-party). Two girls I noticed from neighbouring Hunts were Miss Ann Milvain and Miss Avey Straker, who was dancing with Mr. Tony Hunter.

The Border has been having a gay winter season since Christmas, with masses of cocktail-parties and Hunt Balls. The Percy Hunt Ball was preceded by the Newcastle and District Beagle Hunt Ball a few days earlier, which was very well run by the Master, Col. Len Gibson, and a hard-working young committee, who all brought large parties. Following the ball at Alnwick Castle came the Morpeth, the Haydon and Buccleuch Hunt Balls, about which I hope to have space to tell you next week.

THERE was a strong contingent of Irish guests at the marriage at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Mr. Edward Cazenove to Miss Grania Kennedy. The bridegroom, who was in the Coldstream Guards, is a son of the late Mr. Ralph Cazenove and Mrs. Robert Maurice, and the

ANGLO-IRISH WEDDING IN LONDON

bride is the youngest of the five attractive daughters of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscoort, Co. Kildare.

The day was bright and warm for the time of year and there was a touch of spring about the wedding, as both in the church and at the reception there were huge vases of pink and mauve lilac, pink chrysanthemums and pink almond-blossom. The bride, who is dark and petite, looked sweet in a beautiful dress of stiff white and silver brocade with a long tulle veil, which was held in place by a diamond tiara lent by her sister, Viscountess Jocelyn. She wore a diamond necklace and a fine diamond crescent brooch, which was a present from the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. William Thomson. The bride was followed up the aisle by four little pages, who all behaved beautifully, wearing pale-pink shirts and wine-coloured trousers. They were her nephews, Donough McGillicuddy, the Hon. Thomas and the Hon. James Jocelyn, and the bridegroom's cousin, Dick Cazenove. They should have had little Noni Fanshawe, a tiny bridesmaid, walking with them, but at the last moment she refused to start up the aisle!

There was one grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Kit Misa, who, like the bride, is dark and petite and wore one of the prettiest bridesmaids' dresses I have seen, made of pale-pink moiré with the new kimono sleeves, and a little hat made of pink and wine ostrich feathers.

The ushers included Sir Oliver Lambart, Mr. William Spiers, an Australian cousin of the bride, who is in the Grenadiers, Mr. Christopher Bridge, Mr. John Lowther and Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy, who is son of the McGillicuddy the Reeks.

THERE was a large gathering of guests at the reception, who were received by Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice. Among those I saw who had come to wish the young couple every happiness were Viscountess Elibank, who was enjoying one of the delicious iced cakes;

**MANY GUESTS
AT THE
RECEPTION** Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, wearing a very striking hat; and Viscountess Jocelyn, in black, who was looking very pretty and

enjoying meeting many friends while over from Ireland, as were the bride's other two sisters, Mrs. McGillicuddy and Mrs. Toby Wellesley, who both live in Ireland. Mrs. Wellesley is following in her father's footsteps and running the very successful Killarkin stud in Co. Kildare. Her father, of course, bred the famous Tetrarch.

Major Dick Fanshawe, who is Master of the Oxfordshire Hounds, was commiserating on how much wire there is all over the country now. Miss Diana Kirkpatrick was another guest. She had just come on from her cousin Jean Kirkpatrick's wedding to Mr. John Parry at Chapel Royal, Savoy. Miss Violet de Trafford was there, looking very pretty in green. Others were Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, whose daughter was a bridesmaid, Mrs. Clive Graham, Mr. Peter Starkey with Miss Georgina Phillippi, Mr. Michael Hickman, Miss Elizabeth Jackson, whose pretty sister, Angela, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall,

SOCIAL JOURNAL

and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, who came with her brother, who was on leave from his regiment, "The Royals."

THE fine baronial hall of Thoresby Park, Earl Manvers' lovely home in Nottingham, made a wonderful setting for the Rufford Hunt Ball. This is a very sporting pack which hunts in Nottinghamshire and has Lady Sibell Argles and Col. R. Thompson as Joint-Masters. There

RUFFORD HUNT BALL IN NOTTS.

were nearly 400 guests, and many people had house-parties in the district for the ball. Earl and Countess Manvers had a large party staying in the house, including their daughter, Lady Rozelle Pierrepont, who helped energetically with all the arrangements.

Others who brought parties were Col. and Mrs. Barber from Ranby Hall, the two Joint-Masters, Col. Denison from Ossington Hall, Capt. and Mrs. Foljambe, Viscountess Galway, whose house, Serlby Hall, is not far from Thoresby, Col. and Mrs. Chaworth-Musters, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven Smith Milva.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland brought a party from Welbeck Woodhouse, and the Earl and Countess of Scarborough brought their daughters, who have been seen at many London dances during the past year. Major James Seely, who is Master of the neighbouring South Notts. Hounds, was another who brought a party.

OVER 300 children enjoyed a wonderful Christmas-party at the Hungaria early in the New Year. They had a grand time with a delicious tea, a Punch and Judy show, a conjurer, and lots of presents. Every child was given by Uncle Vecchi a coloured paper hat, and presents varying from toy cooking-stoves to model clockwork aeroplanes and cars.

HUNGARIA CHILDREN'S- PARTY

Mrs. A. V. Alexander had a party of young people at her table, including her little granddaughter, Jennifer Evison, and Glen and Helen Wilson. Lady (Graham) Cunningham was entertaining two small boys who were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and Mrs. Anthony Stocker brought her son and daughter, Michael and Peta-Carolyn. Nearby I saw Ricky and Hugo Page Croft with their Nannie, and a little farther on Sarah Henderson, daughter of the Hon. Michael Henderson, was sitting near Marianne Winterbottom and William and Carolyn Watson.

Mrs. Sansom, the only woman holder of the George Cross, brought her three daughters Françoise, Lily and Marianne, all attractively dressed alike in white. Other children I noticed at the party were Sandra Beaton, Berry, the little daughter of Sir Dermot and Lady Cusack-Smith, and Michael Webster, son of "Tadge" Webster, the Oxford Blue.

ALTHOUGH Monte Carlo had enjoyed seven hours' brilliant sunshine and a temperature of 68 deg. F. on Christmas Day, there was snow early in January. Of course, it did not lie for many hours and in the morning the last vestiges disappeared from the lawns and roof-tops as the temperature rose to 50 deg. F.

SNOW FALLS IN MONTE CARLO

There have been several big galas. A brilliant one on New Year's Eve and a big gathering at the Sporting Club to celebrate Twelfth Night. There is quite a strong contingent of British visitors, who mostly have to count their pennies owing to the currency restrictions, and the gaming-rooms are quite sparsely filled now that few British visitors can afford to patronise the tables.

Judging by the large amount of correspondence received by the Publisher, there seems to be some doubt in the public mind about posting British periodicals to countries overseas. There is no difficulty at all now, and the Publisher will be pleased to send THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER to any address abroad on receipt of remittance with order. Subscription rates (including postage):

	12 months.	6 months.
Canada and Newfoundland	£4 2 4	£2 1 2
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Mrs. Hamish Currie, with her children, David and Diana. Her husband is the younger son of Sir William and Lady Currie, of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks. She is the elder daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Talbot Baines



Lady Joan Peake, who is the wife of Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P. for Leeds, is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Essex. With her is her youngest daughter, Mary Rose. She has two elder daughters and a son



Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Wynn-Williams is the wife of Mr. George Wynn-Williams. She is the only daughter of the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Jowitt. Her only child is called Leslie Jane

More Winter Sports Pictures



Lord Brabazon, suitably dressed for fast sledding, inspects the Cresta run at St. Moritz



Coming stylishly down the Corviglia descent is David Bathurst, eight-year-old son of the Hon. Ben Bathurst



The Hon. Mrs. Ben Bathurst, wife of Viscount Bledisloe's heir, and her sons, Christopher and David



Mr. Patsy Richardson, Miss Rosemarie Sparrow and M. Jean Jacques Fuchs made another happy trio



Mr. William Celestin, of New York, Mme. Yola Letellier and Mrs. Celestin were out skiing with Lord and Lady Brabourne and the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten



The Marquess of Carisbrooke talking to Mrs. Elsie Lamb at the party



Mrs. Egerton Cooper, Dorothea Lady Ley and Mr. Egerton Cooper were among the guests



Col. Elliot Brookes and Mrs. Brian Mountain, Sir Edward's daughter-in-law



Sir Edward and Lady Mountain, who celebrated their golden wedding with a party given to 150 guests

Sir Edward Mountain's Golden Wedding

Mrs. Washington Singer's Children's Party



The bride and bridegroom after the ceremony, which took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, W. Capt. Cazenove was in the Coldstream Guards



Mrs. Washington Singer at the New Year children's party she gave at the Dorchester with her seven grandchildren, Dilys Stephen, Freddy Barker, Susan, Maunagh and Peter Hennessy, Anul Stephen and Jane Barker



Guests at the reception included Lady Forbes Watson, Miss Heather Forbes Watson and Mr. John Keeling



The Hon Mrs. Frederick Hennessy with her children, Maunagh, Susan and Peter



Mrs. Richard Westmacott and her daughter, Elizabeth, both enjoyed the Punch and Judy show



The bridal attendants sitting on the stairs with their mothers, Mrs. Philip Cazenove, Mrs. D. McGillicuddy, Viscountess Jocelyn and (in front) Lady Fanshawe

Wedding of Captain Cazenove and Miss Grania Kennedy



A dramatic moment during the Punch and Judy show makes everybody intent with pleasant apprehension



Irene Norman, a clever young English singer who has scored a great success with her English and French songs in Paris cabarets. She is soon to appear in revue, for she speaks French perfectly

Priscilla in Paris

The Great Metro Mystery



Mlle. Luce Feyrer, of the Opéra Comique, who has recently made a great personal success in the Italian film "*Les Beaux Jours du Roi Murat*," which is having a world première in Paris

I AM in the hair-shirt state that invariably assails me during the early days of the New Year. My writing-table is tidy, and I can find nothing when I need it. My meals are of the toast-Melba, lettuce-leaf order that mortify body and spirit after *Réveillon* orgies. The exchequer is as low as the *étrennes* were high. The cigarette merchant who supplies me with my favourite brand has vanished from his usual haunts and I am reduced to "borrowing" my yoke-mate's *caporal*. . . . but a kindly Government has ordered a 5 per cent. cut on all free foodstuffs, so I must count that blessing and forget the rest.

So far, it has not worked out quite as expected, but one must at least be grateful for the gesture. The good news was made public on New Year's Eve. Certain wily shopkeepers spent the holiday behind closed shutters writing new sales tickets, marking up the price 5 per cent. and then, putting the pen through it, writing down the old figures. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* Then, also, there has been the little jamboree anent inland postage stamps, telephone calls and public conveyance fares. In the happy (?) days of the old year Metro tickets cost 2 francs for second-class and 5 francs for first. There was not much difference in second- and first-class accommodation, but first-class allowed the holders of pink tickets to enter by the exits during the rush hours. This, very properly, annoyed the queued-up proletariat, and it was decided that, from January 2nd onwards, all tickets would cost 5 francs, and that there would be no more first-class.

THIS, of course, was put the wrong way round. It would have sounded better to say that there would be no more second-class. A jump from 2 francs to 5 entirely upsets the budget of the average wage-earner, and still more so that of the small annuitant. Their pleasure at wiping the eye of hitherto privileged travellers was quite spoiled by the painful facts of ways and means. The outcry was tremendous. All the daily papers, of whatever political colour, howled so loudly that the Powers That Be reeled under the shock.

A last moment repeal put down the price to 4 francs 50 centimes, and this is where we indulge in a discreet and rueful giggle. The second-class ticket-holders—as we all are during the non-rush hours, unless Blackmarketeers—bought the booklets of ten tickets that were put on sale in advance to avoid a rush on the first day of the new order, and we are now landed with 50 francs-worth of fares for which

only 45 need have been paid. As the tickets are not dated, it is no use going to the booking office, since the seductive siren behind the grille merely growls: "How do I know you didn't buy them this morning?"

"Why bother about 5 francs?" you may ask. The answer to that is: "Live over here and find out."

It has been the same game with only a small difference over the new postage fees. Inland stamps used to cost 3 francs. On learning that two more francs were needed for each letter there was a rush to the nearest post offices and one laid in a stock of 2- or 1-franc stamps. Then, again, came the cut from 5 francs to 4.50 . . . there were no more 50-centime stamps to be found, and our envelopes look like Joseph's coat. We do have fun, don't we?

WRITING of "many colours" reminds me of the première—in this city—of *La Sylphide*, by the Ballets des Champs Élysées. A lovely production, but one to burst the heart of a chameleon as well as its hide. I am told that when the ballet was created in Glasgow its patrons, hearing that the management had no coupons with which to buy the necessary tartans, generously sent an offering of many kilts to the theatre. I cannot vouch for the story, but it sounds a typically Scottish gesture. Since then, however, the clans seem to have got slightly mixed, and the new costumes, by Christian Bérard, leave Joseph's coat looking as drab as a Quaker's Sunday best.

Roland Petit, who is as fine a dancer as he is poor a mime, Irène Skorik and Nina Vyroubova gave a wonderful performance, and I cannot find words sufficiently eloquent in praise of Gordon Hamilton's witch. One often finds that Anglo-Saxon dancers take French, Russian or Italian names. Gordon Hamilton,

who is *maitre de ballet* for the Champs Élysées company, has chosen a very British *nom de guerre* for all that he hails, I believe, from one of the smaller and more picturesque countries of Mittel Europa. This is a pretty compliment to Mesdames Rambert, de Valois, and all the notabilities of the British ballet.

I have just received an indignant letter from a reader who scolds me for having written *poulardes de Brest* in my column of December 25th. It should, of course, have been *poulardes de Bresse*, but certain solecisms have become a joke. It was thus I intended it. My error was to have written in italics *without* inverted commas. I stand corrected, my dear Commander, R.N.V.R. (Rtd.), and *Vieux Parigot*. With my little typewriter I did it, it was not the compositor's fault as you charitably suggest.

The great theatrical event of the week has been the return to Paris of Ludmilla Pitoeff, accompanied by Sacha and Varvara, two of her seven offspring, who are appearing with her in *L'Echange*, an early Claudel pomposity written by that eminent bore in 1893. This has taken place at the Comédie des Champs Élysées where, for so many years, "Ludmilla and George" accomplished great things for the theatre, Ludmilla as an actress and George as *metteur-en-scène* and master of décor, for he was a fine *animateur*.

WHEN the curtain rose and Ludmilla was revealed wearing the funny little frock that Paul Poiret designed for her in that rôle many, many years ago, the audience rose to its feet and cheered. She seemed greatly touched by this reception, and we older ones were definitely moist-eyed. I hope that the young people present learned a lesson from the perfection of her diction, the admirable simplicity of her style, and the dignity of her presence.

Another play that has been of interest is the French version, by Paul Modave, of Saint John Legh Clowes' *The Crime of Lord Arthur Savile*. I suggest that the author's name ought to have been shortened to a mere "Saint-John" over here, where no one seems able to pronounce it. But, then, what can one expect from the young actors of to-day who call Somerset Maugham: "Monsieur Mow-gan"? In *Ego* 7 Mr. James Agate writes: "How and why did Wilde write his preposterous trash?" I wonder what he will write about St. J. L. C.'s play when it comes to London. It strikes me as being a most preposterous farce and an amusing pastiche of Wilde at his trashiest . . . but it amused me. As for the audience, it positively howled.

Voilà!

● Monsieur Durand was buying New Year presents. For his wife he chose one of Jean-Paul Sartre's latest lucubrations. The bookseller waxed enthusiastic. "Monsieur is lucky to find a copy," he said, "this is the last one we have in stock and the edition is *épuisé*. Madame will be surprised." "Indeed she will," M. Durand replied; "she is expecting a fur coat!"





Relaxing, George Devine inspects his fine collection of pipes at his Kensington home. He started his stage career on coming down from Oxford, and first appeared in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Globe in 1932

Tasker, Press Illustrations

Director of the "Young Vic"

To Present Special Plays for
Children Throughout the Country

George Devine, well known for his acting and producing before the war, has been appointed director of the Old Vic's promising offshoot, the New Vic, which will concentrate entirely on plays for children. During the war he served in the Forces, and on his return from Burma was seen last autumn as Mr. Antrobus in *The Skin of Our Teeth* at the Piccadilly. His first Young Vic production is *The King Stag*, by Carlo Gozzi, which opened at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Boxing Day, and is shortly going on a tour of provincial theatres in Britain



Four-year-old Harriet coaxes the camera-shy Julius, her favourite cat, into a corner and laughs at his reproachful expression as the shutter clicks



Mrs. Devine (right) with her sister, Margaret Harris. They are two of the three partners in Motley, the famous firm of theatrical designers



The Earl with "Darji," a Tibetan lion hound which bears a close resemblance to the heraldic griffin which is represented in the family crest and shown in the sculptures round the house

THE EARL OF LYTTON, K.G.

A Distinguished Public Servant at Home

AT the historic home of his family, Knebworth House, Stevenage, Herts, lives the second Earl of Lytton, who has continued with distinction a tradition of public service begun by his grandfather, the famous novelist, who was also Secretary of State for the Colonies, and his father, a Viceroy of India. During World War One the Earl held several high Governmental positions, and afterwards became Civil Lord of the Admiralty and Under-Secretary of State for India. For five years he was Governor of Bengal, and during his term of office acted for some time as Viceroy and Acting Governor-General. In 1932 he headed the League of Nations Commission to Manchuria which produced a famous report on Japanese aggression.

During World War Two he was chairman, first of the Council of Aliens and then of the Entertainments National Service Committee.

He is now President of the United Nations Association, of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, and of the Royal Society of Literature. He has himself written several books, including a biography of his grandfather, and is chairman of the Old Vic.

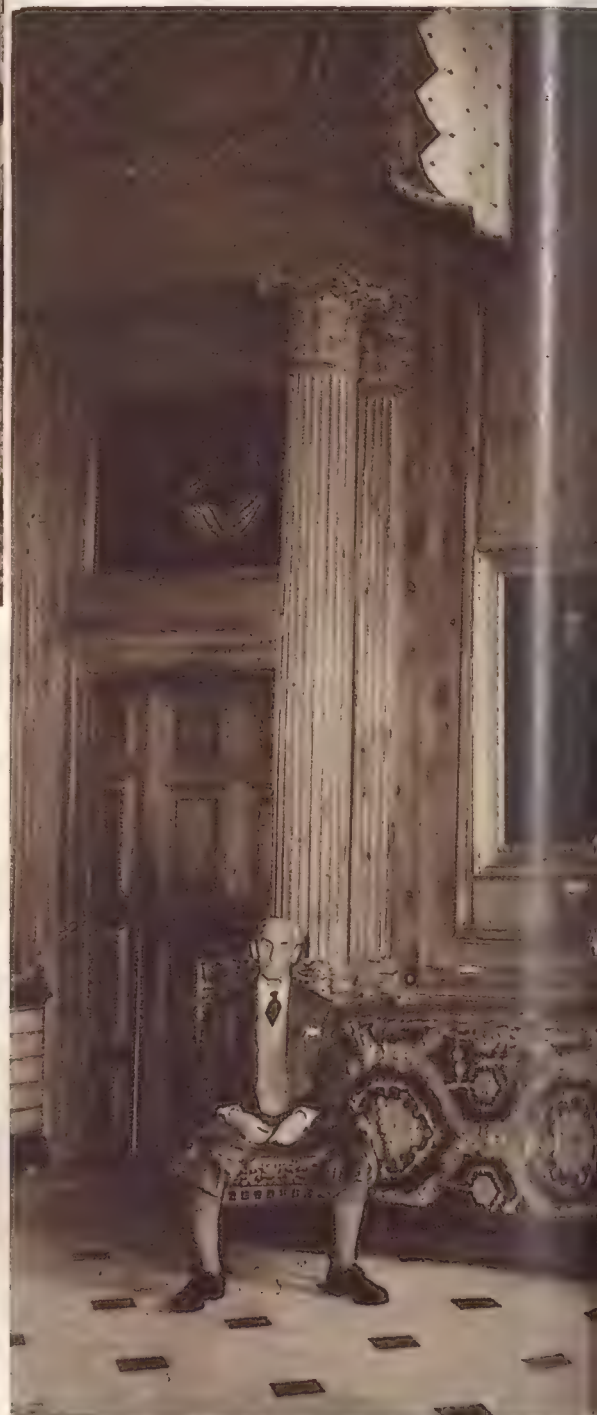
The Earl and Countess have two daughters, Lady Hermione Cobbold and Lady Davina Woodhouse. Their eldest son, Anthony, lost his life in a flying accident, and his brother, an officer in the Bays, was killed in action in the war.

The Earl has a very wide acquaintance in Hertfordshire, and is regarded with great affection in the county. Knebworth House is the remaining wing of a Tudor mansion, Gothicized in the 1840's. It is set in beautiful gardens, and there is a lake where villagers and friends can boat and fish

Photographs by Studio Lisa



A view of Knebworth House. Its Tudor proportions (Lytton, who died in 1504) can be discerned under the cupolas are a distinctive



In the Banqueting Hall the Earl sits near a picture of his father. The room is reputed to have been designed by Inigo Jones.



ous (it was begun by Sir Robert
for the Gothic additions. The copper
feature



who was Viceroy of India from 1876 to 1880.
the columned panelling is especially remarkable



A corner of the library at Knebworth. It contains many Bulwer-Lytton relics,
including the MS. of "The Last Days of Pompeii," and his writing-table, unused
since his death in 1873



The Earl, with "Darji," outside the entrance to Knebworth House. Outside the building the Gothic
motive predominates, but inside the house is a harmonious blend of many different periods

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

AFTER a long debate the Spanish Academy has decided not to admit the word *estraperlo*, or Black Market, into the dictionary; doubtless rightly, though as a word it is charming and would make an ideal title of nobility for a Black Market millionaire in any Latin country. Make way for the Conde Ladrón de Estraperlo! (*fanfare without*).

Our own Black Market boys have the choice of titles quite as decorative, we find. In the Roll of Battle Abbey there are plenty of splendid Norman names long extinct in the peerage, such as De Aquila, De Baudemont, De Mohun, De Braose, De Montfort, and a score more. We'd personally select De Aquila. Oh, Mrs. Wagtail, I want you to meet Ike and Gertie de Aquila, and this is young Stinker de Aquila, and over there, polishing her long, dirty fingernails, is "Mucky Maudie" de Aquila, a very aquiline little Norman witch indeed. Darling Ike bought his barony in the last Honours List and was stung by *Heralds' College*, but he isn't a snob. Hey, Ike, get baronial! Attaboy!

Incidentally there is an extinct title in the French peerage which could be adapted to the use of almost any surprise-entry in the Honours List, which Heaven knows never lacks one or two—namely, the Marquis d'Oh. Just that. Or an "h" could be added. Meet Lord Oh. Oh? Oh!

Cry

WHILE the Great Graft Inquiry at the BBC is still jovially proceeding we wouldn't want to embarrass those boys (some of whom may be driven out of Portland Place ere long, and in their own Rollsés) with needless criticism. But one can't help feeling that British mothers should not be stampeded by those pullovered twirps—as happened the other day—however excited they may be.

As you may remember, a recent *Woman's Hour* talk on the topic "When Baby Comes" concluded with Ravel's *Pavane for a Dead Infanta*, which brought furious cries from British mothers of every size and shape who believe "Infanta" to mean "infant" (and if you think we've just made this up, you don't study your newspapers with the concentration they deserve). It's the greatest revolt of its kind since the Treaty of Versailles, when Slogger Lloyd George violently objected to the arrogant word *demandeur*, which he believed to mean "demand." For once the Tiger Clemenceau lowered his fierce-gaze before a pair of rolling Cymric orbs ablaze with indignation. No man of sensibility could have contemplated the scene without being sick with laughter.

Footnote

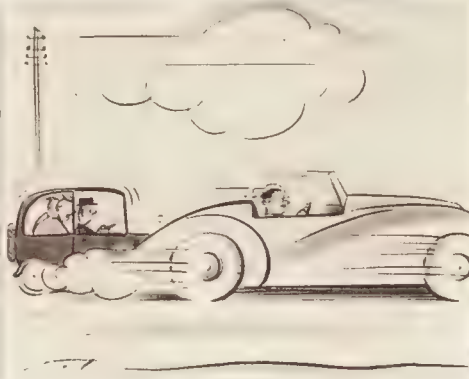
As for the mothers (equally the Sloggers), we're with them. Why do people use words which don't mean what people think they do? As the desperate American poet said about the female bobby-pins scattered all over his apartment after the party:

If they've got to leave them around my flat, For God's sake why must they call them that?

Why have silly words, fit only for foreigners? Why, in fact (since words clearly signify less and less as the months roll on), have any words at all?

Charge

THOUGH the recent snowfall was hardly enough for a Rutlandshire squire to turn an erring daughter out in, the Fleet Street boys made the usual shrill hubbub about it, being curiously allergic to snow. You don't find this uproar in the newspaper-files of even fifty years ago, when a snowfall was a snowfall, the aged say.



"Don't let yourself be goaded into a race, Charles"

We cite Rutlandshire because it is the smallest county, inhabited by the tiniest squires, but you can dismiss that bit about the erring daughter as mere roguery-pogey. Her case today is strikingly altered, as we all know. As Goldsmith would have put it two centuries later:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds that she has been mistook,
She rings her publisher, by golly,
And writes another frightful book.

According to our research, the terrible formula of the Squirearchy: "Go, girl, and never darken these doors again!" was last uttered during a snowstorm in Surrey in January 1888, a record winter. The hapless girl staggered out into the white wastes and returned next day, damp but sprightly, having got as far as Lincoln's Inn and seen a clever firm of solicitors. After a noisy scene in the library her offer to return the Squire's correspondence with La Belle Coralie of the Alhambra in exchange for all the comforts of a home and £100 was accepted and all was peace. This demonstrates the triumph of Reason over Emotion, or as we should say nowadays, the conquest of Fascism by the Sovereign People's Will. And if you like snow for any other purpose you have our loving permission to take a roll in it.

Stare

ONE point the West Wales Field Society didn't discuss at their recent London meeting, we noted, was the position of the puffins of Skomer Island, in the Severn Sea, with regard to birdwatchers, whom puffins hate and despise.

Since the eyes of birdwatchers are generally red with lust and cunning, or bulging with impertinent conjecture, or quite blank and dead, like oysters, or of a weak, washy, unmeaning blue, or completely round and expressionless, like champagne-corks, one can sympathise with the puffins of Skomer, who are birds of discernment and object to being stared at, hours on end, by riffraff from the mainland. The only exception to this general distaste is mentioned in an old bardic lament called *The Complaint of the Skomer Puffins against the Monstrous Regiment of Birdwatchers, with a Favourable Word for Mrs. Evans the Groceries*. Rough translation:

Frightful are the eyes of birdwatchers;

Addled is many an egg under their revolting gaze;

Privacy on Skomer has become practically a

thing of the past since those starers began

goggling—in fact many a wellbred lady

puffin hardly knows where to look;

The hell with them all, except Mrs. Evans the

Groceries.

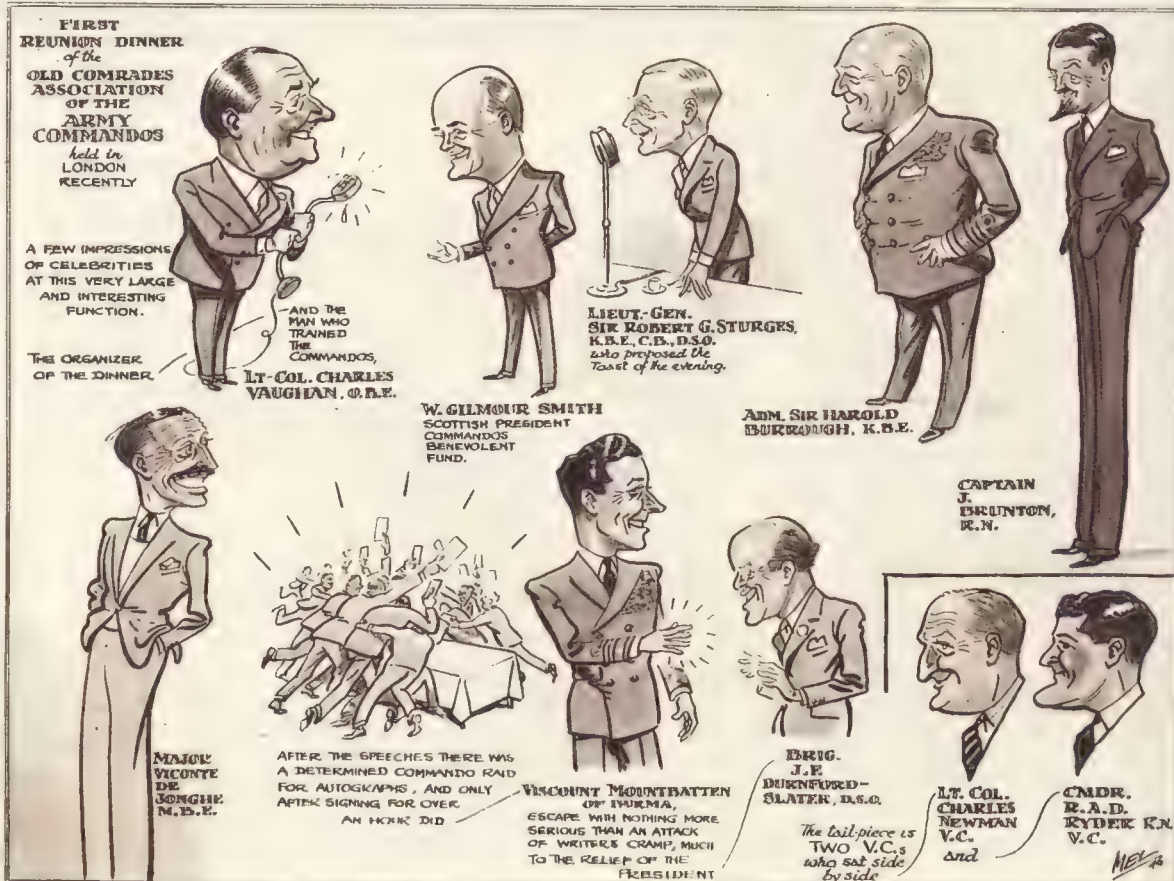
Ah, those eyes!

Long and lustrous they are, kohl-darkened,

ardent, and almond-shaped, like the eyes of

the hours of Paradise (see Sura 5 of the

Koran), mysterious and disturbing;



TZEKL
NEBVWI
SCKPDONJ
RXUHFYOE
OTVEISNLHI
CHTIRSDNTH



"All you appear to need, Sir, is a monocle"

A nice dish is Mrs. Evans the Groceries, whatever, a tasty number;
If you've never been watched by Mrs. Evans
you've never been watched at all.

Tropical birds at the Zoo have, or had, the same feeling about Doc Huxley, a F.Z.S. was telling us.

Urge

IN the life of every successful literary boy there comes a moment—even Arnold Bennett knew it—when he must take a crack at the Don Juan Legend or die (they never die).

Given this fact, we wondered why the theatre-critics were so upstage over that revival of James Elroy ("Hassan") Flecker's *Don Juan* the other night. It isn't very good, but no Don Juan play ever is, with the exception of the first one of all, written in the 1600's by a

Spanish monk named Tirso de Molina. Molina's play is good because he cuts out the flaffa and reveals the essential nub of the Don Juan racket, which is that if you want to be a play-boy raising hell you have to pay for it. *Quien tal hace, que tal pague*. Nothing could be simpler, or more true. Molina's 5,897 successors muss this fundamental truth up in various ways and produce little but yawns. But—a fact the critics overlook—if literary boys weren't engaged thus they might be engaged in something far more vexing, such as cheating, slandering, fighting, bullying women, being thrown out of restaurants, throwing fits, cashing dud cheques, and a thousand other annoying things literary boys do.

Moral

HENCE any impulse to write on the Don Juan theme should be encouraged. It keeps the boys quiet and occupied and enables them to live in a thrilling dream-world of women crazy for love of them (a rare happening in real life).

Hokum

EVERY other day, a thoughtful chap recently suggested, Life produces dramatic situations which any seasoned theatre or film magnate would reject with sceptical hoots.

The chap could and should have quoted one of Auntie Life's most successful attempts at romantic comedy, an authentic episode in the life of the Chevalier Wogan, that handsome, debonair Irish Quixote, whom no current West End actor could possibly play. Condemned to death at 19 as a Jacobite rebel after the '15, Wogan escaped from Newgate to be sent to Silesia by James III ("the Old Pretender" to you Whigs) to sue in James's behalf for the hand of lovely Princess Clementina Sobieski. To checkmate this the Emperor placed Clementina under close arrest in a convent at Innsbruck, and we come to the bare outlines of the extravaganza:

1. Wogan and two brother-officers of Dillon's Regiment smuggled Clementina away, with the help of Jenny, a maid, on a moonless midnight;
2. Having fallen in a gutter, lost a shoe, and had to change her clothes at a wayside inn, the Princess suddenly remembered, miles away on the road to the Alps, that she'd left some

of the Crown Jewels of Poland on the parlour-table at the inn;

3. Captain O'Toole galloped back, burst the inn-gates down, rescued the jewels, and returned with the hue-and-cry behind him;
4. Shortly afterwards the coach broke down, the Emperor's advance-courier caught up with it, and Wogan and his friends made him dead-drunk, dumped him in an inn, and got the Princess over the Alps into Italy just in time;
5. The Princess married King James, the King of Spain made Sir Charles Wogan Governor of La Mancha, Don Quixote's own province, and he was in love with Clementina all his life.

Look, boy, we can't have this, it's phoney. Am I right, Joe? Sure I'm right. It's worse than phoney, it's hokum. It *doesn't happen*, see? Only in kids' books, I mean. Yeah, well you think up sumpn good, boy. All right.

Scourge

OUR second-best Lock beaver (1809) is hereby tipped with a graceful flourish to the only music-critic in London who had the nerve to admit that Bartok's excruciating Sonata for Two Pianofortes and Percussion seems to bear no relation whatever to music. The rest of the critic-boys huddled in a group for warmth and comfort and squeaked terrified admiration, as usual.

Why music-critics betray such ignoble mass-timidness is due, a chap tells us, to the way Brahms used to boot them round. Like Whistler and other sensible chaps, the vivacious old maestro didn't give a Brahms (as the saying is) for the argument that nobody would be a music or art critic if he could do anything else. He hated their small pink eyes, their scuffling, unhygienic habits, their perpetual stampeding, and the way they breed.

Dramatic critics—with the single exception of our revered old mentor James ("Boss") Agate, who stands above and apart—are almost equally pathetic, deeming those imposing black hats ("This other Eden, demi-parasite," as the little actress said laughingly to the theatre fireman) inspire awe in the mob. This is a dream, wistful and heartbreaking, as we know from personal experience. Have you ever wondered how the Critics' Circle boys live? By taking in each other's wishing.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

HE was shown into the lawyer's office, seething with indignation.

"Look here," he burst out, "you've charged me for two consultations on the fifth of last month and I was only here once."

"The fifth of last month," said the lawyer, smoothly. "That was on a Friday, and if I remember correctly it was a very wet day, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was," answered the client, shortly.

"Well, after you left you came back to ask if you'd left your umbrella here."

A SMALL girl was watching her mother spreading cold cream on her face.

"What do you do that for, Mummy?" she asked. Her mother smiled. "It's to make me beautiful, darling," she replied.

Then she removed the cream with cotton-wool, and the child whispered in disappointed tones:

"Oh, it didn't work, did it?"

SEVERAL high-school boys were discussing shaving. Most of them hadn't had that experience yet, but a few had made tentative experiments with a razor.

"Why, I've shaved for two years," one boy bragged heroically, and then added in not such a heroic tone—"and cut myself both times."

THE far from young Miss Smith was still not without hope. Even her favourite fortune-teller couldn't see a suitor in the offing, but she was anxious to keep a customer.

"Ha!" she said, her eyes on the crystal, "I see a tall man. He's going to propose to you."

"Dark?" fluttered the excited client.

"Yes," said the fortune-teller, grimly. "Dark. It will have to be."

IT is predicted that the motor-car of the future will be absolutely silent. The engines of de luxe models, however, will be fitted with a slight sneer for overtaking.

THE office beauty was regaling her bored companions with the tale of her adventures on the previous night.

"This man," she said, "took me up to his flat and showed me a cupboard that contained at least a dozen absolutely perfect mink coats. And what do you think," she said, "he gave me one of them."

"What did you have to do?" asked the sceptic in the audience.

"Just shorten the sleeves," she said.

WHEN Tony's wife passed away he was almost inconsolable. At the cemetery he collapsed with grief; in the carriage riding back to New York his whole frame shook with wild sobs.

"Now, now, Tony," soothed his friend, "it is really not so bad. I know it is tough now, but in six-a-month may be you find another beautiful bambina and firsta thing you know you get married again."

Tony turned to him in a rage. "Six-a-month!" he shouted. "What-I gonna do to-night?"

A COBBLER christened his establishment "The Boot Hospital." A customer brought him a pair of boots which would have disgraced a tramp.

"Shouldn't have these mended if I were you," said the cobbler. "I would throw 'em away."

"But I want them mended," was the reply.

"This is supposed to be a hospital for boots, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a 'ospital all right," rejoined the cobbler, "but it ain't a mortuary."



The Three Ross Sisters singing in close harmony in "Piccadilly Hayride," the Sid Fields show at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Their names are Betsy, Vicky and Dixie, and they started their variety career at the age of ten



T.H. the Maharaja and Maharani of Kashmir, with the Yuvaraj, after their successful shoot

Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR, who is so well known in this country, especially in the world of polo—he brought over his own team for the Championship, which it won, beating The Optimists 8—6 at Hurlingham in 1935. His Highness playing back—recently had a most successful shoot, which was quite remarkable in its way, since the party included himself, the Maharani and the Yuvaraj, and they all made a good bag.

The two panthers shot by His Highness taped 7 ft. 1½ ins. and 6 ft. 7 ins., the record being 8 ft. 6 ins. (vide Rowland Ward); the Barasingha which fell to H.H. the Maharani's rifle were a 41-in. and a 39½-in., the record being 47½ ins., and the one which the Yuvaraj got was taped 42 ins. In summer the Barasingha is rarely met with below 12,000 ft.; in winter he comes down to about 5000 ft. Concerning that polo team, the other three were Major-General Khusrū Jung Bahadur, the late Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Captain P. B. Sanger, and everyone who saw the match will remember that it was Sanger's game all the way, for he gave a magnificent display.

Grand National Entries

IN the *Racing Calendar* advertising the altered conditions and the increase in value of this year's Grand National, the closing date was announced as December 31st, 1946, the weights January 30th, 1947, and the two acceptance dates February 4th and March 18th, the date of the race being March 28th. The list of entries was not published until January 8th. Let us hope that the new conditions of qualification will have had the desired effect, and that we shall not see quite so many ineffectives in the field; but there are still some names in the list which do not suggest that the raising of the qualifying sum from £80. to £300 (a place in a 3-mile 'chase being the *sine qua non*, and in any 'chase over Aintree) has entirely achieved its aim.

To particularise would be invidious, and it might also be dangerous, since in the past so many geese have turned out to be swans! On the whole, the list presents few surprises, and there is nothing there which impels us to believe that the Official Handicapper (Sir Kenneth Gibson) can begin with anything but Prince Regent. This is not the same thing as saying that he will not put some of the others a bit closer to him than they were last year. The Official is handicapped by the restricted range which 12 st. 7 lbs. and 10 st. imposes. In years past he has known that some of them could not win with 9 st. on their backs, but the limit compels him to put on a whole stone more and trust to luck.

Everyone who saw last year's National knows what a grand fight Prince Regent put up under 12 st. 5 lbs., and a great many were convinced that if the loose horses had not (a) compelled his jockey to go the wrong pace at a crucial moment, and (b) had not hampered him so grievously near home, he would have won. Personally, I think there is every ground for such a belief. Two absentees of note are Dunshaughlin and Prince Blackthorn; but it is possibly just as well not to risk giving either of them a heavy fall over these stiff fences; the former had obviously lost his nerve and the latter is still young enough eventually to achieve a victory, which I think he may at length accomplish. We can now only sit and twiddle our thumbs till we get the weights.

Hungry as a Hunter!

BUT if you really mean going hunting, my personal tip is "Don't be quite so hungry as all that!" I quite realise that it is silly to recommend anyone to put the muzzle on in these days when so many of us are being rapidly forced down to something like jockey-weight, but all the same, there are a few rough fundamentals which, having personally found useful, I think it may be helpful to pass on to those who have more before them than I have. They apply equally to food before and after the fox-hunt.

Breakfast: have a four-courser if you can get it! There was once a chap, so many of us knew, who rode over the Fernie timber, the Beaufort walls, the Dublin country ditches, and so forth, like Halifax the night before. He came down to breakfast in pink coat, spurs and all complete, and could only face up to some weak taywater and a bit of dry toast. He was a prize muttski and had never been anywhere in his life; I doubt if he knew which end of a horse bit, so I always like to see people who are going out hunting really get down to business at that first meal, provided always they do not make a noise like fox-hounds over their porridge.

A well-stowed breakfast of a hunting morn is a first-class prelude. Some people used to get away with two in the days when hounds met at houses with sandwiches, oyster patties, cold pheasant and suchlike, with port, and even pop, on tap. How they did it after four kidneys, bacon and eggs, marmalade and more toast than we can get in a week's ration, I never knew! But those days, I fear, are gone.

The sandwich case: personally, I always went out hoping that I should never get time to devour the contents. Pulling your monkey out of its case in these days also cannot be much

fun, because you cannot get the right stuff to put in it. I used to like a day when, after just saving the loss of a spur—top strap broken by a binder wire or summat—I had to carry the darn thing the next two hours because there was no stop, and I hadn't even a chance to put it in my pocket. However, everyone to his own taste, and if you like peacetime sandwiches, carry on!

But Now a Caution!

ACCORDING to people who don't like fox-hunting—Oscar Wilde was one of them—all "hunters" go out with a heavy hangover from the four bottles of Black Strap the night before, and so arrange things that the hunt proceeds from pub to pub, with the result that the whole shooting-match arrives home plastered—not only with mud. Quite erroneous and only believed by the stagey and the filmy. No fox-hunter arrives back from "The Meet" in an advanced stage of alcoholic poisoning.

Tea: quite permissible, provided always you do not let it knock all the wind out of dinner; egg (if), toast, scone or whatnot, but ride wide of the hospitable, but somewhat uninstructed, who think you might like to wolf game-pie, grouse, oyster patties and various other things. I have personally met this. For the love of Mike do give poor, tired Little Mary a chance. She wants to be let off any hard chores till after the corpse-reviving hot bath, with or without arnica, that infallible for taking the bump out of a bumper. If you are wet to the backbone—of course, there is only one thing to do before changing, but it is about 9 to 2 against your being able to get any.

Dinner: you need not be as Spartan as all this, but if you want to be shining bright and do justice to that good horse on the morrow this is not a bad scheme: one or even two glasses of medium Amontillado just to be sociable like, but, if oysters, I'd say wait for the Chablis; then up to three-quarters of a dozen; no soup; bird and orange salad and other customary appendages; no sweet; caviare I cannot resist, but there are many other good savouries; no port or walnuts—not too good for your wind; cognac with your coffee if you must, but I do not recommend it; one cigar, if you know all about what a good one ought to be; pipe later, if they play snooker; two rubbers; no poker, and a final one for the road to bed, and then the real fat sleep you have earned.

This is only a personal prescription, so have buckets of anything you like and smoke forty cigarettes and several Corona Coronas—but they will look as high as Everest about 11.45 in the morn, and as black as Becher's!



The President's Putter, the trophy of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tournament, was won at Rye by Leonard Crawley, who beat P. B. Lucas by 3 and 2. The winner is shown above driving from the first tee in the final. Below, Bernard Darwin, President of the Society, is holding the putter between the finalists



Scoreboard



"STRANGE faces in Chelsea's team this week." But nowhere near so strange as the faces at our annual Twelfth Night shoot in this year of grace, and hope deferred. The day, if such it can be called, began with an M.M.M.U., or Major Military Muck-Up. Its author, hero, and victim was that celebrated gargoyle Major "Fruity" Choake.

For those who have lost interest in heredity, and the *Police News*, the Choakes were nobody at all till one Thomas Choake, the old bar-sinister, forged his cousin's name at the top of the waiting-list for monasteries, bought a knighthood from Cardinal Wolsey, and took the Motto, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or *Crooks are born, not made*. Major "Fruity" Choake, after being rather too well known on 'Change, became adviser and bodyguard to the Substantive Ruler of Bong on that unwelcome visit of his Unhygienic Highness which, back in the 1930's, caught the Colonial Office on the spree between Surbiton and Whitehall.

To return to our Twelfth Night shoot and the M.M.M.U. Those of us who had hit upon the correct venue, having split up into No-Discussion Groups, were waiting for the starter's whistle when the Major's car, a converted Unic taxicab, rounded the disused oast-house at the corner of Two-mile Bottom, visited both ditches, and halted back to front.

The proprietor, also back to front, was being levered out by his chauffeur, a loader, and an uninvited fellow-passenger in a Tyrolean hat, when a cow-man, passing by on some unprofitable errand, with mistaken chivalry pushed him back into the interior. The Major fell on a stuffed penguin which he keeps permanently in the vehicle, partly to talk to, partly, being a philosopher, as a personal *memento mori*.

For the next hour, all, to borrow the phrase of that he-woman and spaniel-fancier Mrs. "Breeches" Fowle-Kennel, went according to Cocker; though none but myself seemed to notice that we had been joined by a mysterious stranger, in the undress uniform of a Beefeater, who carried a brace of muzzle-loading pistols and fired at starlings. I was about to address him when he walked through the line of beaters and disappeared. The gun on my left, a Captain Fauntleroy, said, "Yes, I saw him all right; but I wasn't going to speak to him; a fellow who fires from both hips at once is obviously no class."

It was soon after this that a dispute broke out between Colonel Flaming-Haydees and a Mr. O. Fetlock Smith, ex-Joint-Master of the Quaritch Vale and share-shuffling champion of the Midlands, who accused the Colonel of shooting a fox.

The Colonel, who speaks Urdu like a native, angrily replied that he had, in fact, shot two foxes. Major Choake, called in as referee, put the figure at four. And four to the Colonel was the accepted lunch-time quotation.

AFTER the interval, the local Hunt, having lost all sense of smell, direction, and decency, got mixed up with our shoot. Co-ordination gave way to individualism, sportsmanship to recrimination. Mr. Fetlock Smith came to blows with the Master, who proved to be a former whist opponent of his at White's Club; and the principal Hound, Old Nell II., started "pointing" at what proved to be a half-witted squirrel celebrating a belated Christmas. But all was smoothed out that night at the Hunt Ball.

Hunt Ball. The very words are like a knell, tolling me back. Chippenham. A chaperon, antique but charming like the word, nods on the dais while her charge sweeps round in beauty, conquest, and the waltz. My borrowed opera-hat was pinched from the Gents' cloakroom. Useful, opera-hats were, to open with a bang during the third hour and Agony of Henrik Ibsen.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

The Regent of Iraq's Foxhounds Have Their Opening Meet at Baghdad



The Regent of Iraq, who is a keen follower of hounds, has just started a pack of his own, known as the Royal Harathiya Hunt. The hounds were brought from England in 1946 and the opening meet was held at Baghdad. The Regent is seen on the left with Mr. Stewart Perovne and Col. Gerald de Gaury. On the right are Mrs. Julian Pitt-Rivers and Nashmi, a kennelman. Others at the meet were Major Alastair Graham, who was Master of the hunt until he left Iraq, Mrs. Graham, Capt. Julian Pitt-Rivers (tutor to H.M. the King of Iraq) and Lt.-Col. Ubaid Abdullah



Leddy and Glen

A Scottish House-Party

Guests of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun at Rossdhu House, Loch Lomond, on the evening of the ball held in Rossdhu ballroom in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., organised by Lady Colquhoun. The party included the Earl and Countess of Wemyss and the Earl of Plymouth. Sir Iain and his second son, Mr. Donald Colquhoun, are on the extreme right

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Hooded Hawk"

"Ursa Major"

"Life Among the Scots"

"Services Wrendered"

COMPARISON is odious—chiefly, one may suppose, because a comparison tends to be made, or drawn, heatedly, ignorantly, with bias or for interested reasons. Only first-rate machinery for analysis, a specialist's knowledge of the subject involved and, at least, an attempt at godlike detachment would seem to warrant the undertaking.

This applies particularly to the comparison of any two books—when, at least, such two books come into the hands, not of the pure critic, but of the discursive, artless reviewer. There are times, however, when two books on the same, and magnetic, subject happen at once to come the reviewer's way: having read one, it would be impossible not to pass immediately over to the other—and the impossibility of keeping silent on the subject of either must be taken as a tribute to both.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis's *The Hooded Hawk* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.) has, as alternative title, "The Case of Mr. Boswell"; C. E. Vulliamy's *Ursa Major* (Michael Joseph; 15s.) sub-announces itself as "A Study of Doctor Johnson and his Friends." Mr. Wyndham Lewis gives us an analytical narrative, never swerving for long from Boswell's figure, river-like in its continuous single course; Mr. Vulliamy adopts a sort of star formation, with Johnson as centre, his different friendships as the outgoing, connecting rays, and the friends themselves—Mrs. Thrale, Boswell, Reynolds, Fanny Burney, Garrick, etc.—as a sort of circle or

diadem (far, under Mr. Vulliamy's analysis, from scintillating) of surrounding points.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis moves steadily on through time—events, that is to say, are given as a direct sequence. For Mr. Vulliamy's purpose, the actual time order is not necessary: he is concerned not with successive phases, but with simultaneous, while widely different, aspects of Johnson's life.

* * *

THE passage of Boswell through his contemporary scene is agitated and erratic; a spiral course to steadily descending planes. Had he been of a nobler sort, you might have described it as tragic.

The words are Mr. Vulliamy's; the verdict, I suppose, is that of a major group. It is a verdict steadily assailed by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, throughout *The Hooded Hawk*. He does not claim nobility for Boswell, but he does suggest, and I think establish, tragedy—in the human, emotional and, above all, spiritual sense.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth—" is an eminently practical injunction: *toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*. One may not say so, and it is better not to, but no honest scrutiniser of life round him, or of life in the past, can doubt that there are in evidence, and remain on record, struggles which naught avail. That is, by human, or short-term, reckoning. One is left, I think, with this: to perceive the inherent virtue in the struggle itself, and to

see that the ignominy of the defeat takes its scale from the height of the aspiration.

Boswell was a character to whom admiration was necessary—so necessary that he extended it to himself. Thereby, one might feel, so far stretching a point as to invalidate other admirations. He was a buffoon, a snob, a drunk, and a lecher, variable and frail in his loyalties, revengeful in petty contexts—though curiously unresentful, if not magnanimous, it would appear, in larger ones. The worst—which was also the most irritating—part of him was almost constantly on the surface. He not only made for himself, but gloried in the rôle of Johnson's stooge. He was undignified, superstitious, hysterical and, in common with Johnson, hypochondriac (see Mr. Vulliamy on "The English Malady").

* * *

THE sincerity with which Boswell did admire himself appears more and more doubtful as we pursue the course of *The Hooded Hawk*. As against this, the moral compulsion and upward pull he received both from the Doctor and from his other, indubitably heroic, friend, the Corsican patriot, General Paoli, are stressed by Mr. Wyndham Lewis: both form part of the psychological, if not the spiritual, argument of the book.

Those two admirations fused with, nourished, his own high dreams—dreams, aspirations, a sort of moral *folie de grandeur* from which his drunkenness and his squalid nights out constituted

a despairing retreat. He had to be high or low: he could not, and could apparently seldom even wish to be, normal. He could but love the highest when he saw it: agreed, he expressed that love in peculiar ways. Yet, above and out of everything, soars that monument, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

He could not have written a better book. In other ways he might, it is arguable, have done better in these days: we seem to have, as a generation, considerable understanding of his type—whether we carry this understanding to the point of mawkish solicitude remains an open question. By the showing of both Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Vulliamy, the eighteenth century was no place for anybody with nerves: its realities (*vide* both these books) were, at their very mildest, not easier to "take" than our own.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis—whose depiction of Boswell's successive social backgrounds is fascinating—gives us the eighteenth century as a sinisterly rich plum-cake mixed with boot-leggers' alcohol; Mr. Vulliamy, plain and simply, debunks it. Whether any further debunking of England under the Georges is necessary, I cannot say—the Zoffany bubble has been thoroughly pricked; the stews, the row, the Tyburn racket, the spleen, the nerve-racking heartiness of the upper classes, the stupefied squalor of the lower have been, by now, underlined by a number of ruthless pens—but the Vulliamy complete disenchantment is ever newly bracing.

Before leaving *The Hooded Hawk* to pass to the more diversely peopled, if also more badly lit, canvas of *Ursa Major*, I must record at least one reader's thanks to Mr. Wyndham Lewis for two enchantingly comical interludes in his book—Boswell's travels and the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford—at which, if "Avonion Willy" was only spasmodically remembered, the entire world of fashion was represented and had, in spite of the non-stop pouring rain, a first-rate opportunity for showing off. Boswell, on this occasion, excelled himself by appearing in the get-up of a Corsican warrior. Notable, too, in *The Hooded Hawk* is the study of Boswell's relationship with Wilkes. It cannot, one feels, be said that Wilkes was our hero's evil genius—our hero was, eminently, his own.

MR. VULLIAMY cannot stand Mrs. Thrale (later, Piozzi). He considers she has had, so far, too good a break, imposing particularly upon dons. Low, indeed, is his opinion of Boswell—whose friendship, all the same, he is out to show, counted for far less in Johnson's life than did that of the Doctor with the lady of Streatham. One is compelled to agree she was, taken all in all, what used to be gently described as "a little common." Also that, restless inside the bonds of a dull though exceedingly comfortable marriage, she was at once intellectually pretentious and socially on the make. Her domestication of the ursine, infinitely awkward celebrity was a triumph. She cleaned up (so far as was possible) Doctor Johnson, partially house-trained him and provided him with a good home—in fragmentary justice to Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Vulliamy does not deny that, domestically, Doctor Johnson was a proposition—his guzzling, his rudeness, his twenty-five cups of tea in twenty-four hours. Mrs. Thrale was (how I sympathise) one for early bed; the Great Bear insisted on conversation into the small hours. As against this, he was good with the children, he regarded the, in other ways, somewhat frustrated lady as an enchantress, and he undoubtedly drew

BOWEN ON BOOKS

have otherwise known.

"When Johnson," says Mr. Vulliamy, "became a member of Thrale's household, he entered upon a phase which, for him, was one of beneficial deterioration." In its best days, Streatham was an idyll—those late breakfasts, with the quartette, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, the Doctor and Fanny Burney, round a table of eggs and buttery muffins, in a sunny room with windows opening on to the park, dangerously nearly restore the Zoffany illusion. For Fanny—complacent youthful celebrity and a titterer—Mr. Vulliamy has not much use, either: his picture of Mr. Thrale, on the other hand, is exceedingly sympathetic.

That Mrs. Thrale, after her husband's death and her falling in love with Piozzi, treated Johnson badly—ruthlessly—can but remain on record. Under the influence of the passion she lost her head where everyone was concerned; and heart, it appears, had never been her forte. One can only say—but, I think, should say—that in life there are certain impossible relationships, with an element somewhere in them of the abnormal, which can but bring themselves to a breaking-point: one or the other person is bound to behave badly.

Mr. Vulliamy is interesting on the subject of Johnson's pathological side. With regard to the weaknesses, follies and, from time to time, dementia of the great man and his circle, does this author show, occasionally, the harshness of a disinfectedly healthy mind? His summing up, in the last chapter of *Ursa Major*, analyses, if it does not denounce, that craving to admire, to build up idols, which we one and all have in common with James Boswell. He concludes, however, with a salute and tribute: the moderate, if not the ardent, Johnsonian should be satisfied.



Highlander, a study by Sir David Wilkie, is one of the many striking illustrations in "Life Among the Scots," by Janet Adam Smith, reviewed here by Elizabeth Bowen

JANET ADAM SMITH'S *Life Among the Scots* ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s.) is too good a book in its own right to be taken as a pendant to the above. It does, none the less, link up with the Boswell theme—and thereby at once adds to and gains from *The Hooded Hawk*, if read, as it was by me, in the same week. I find myself, towards the close of this page, reiterating my dislike of comparison: Miss Adam Smith's title suggests a companion volume to Rose Macaulay's *Life Among the English*—miracle of wit, one of the most brilliant long essays of our day.

Life Among the Scots is written in quite a different vein—lightly serious, lucid, compact, informative. It is an at once socially-historical and regional survey of Scotland: habits, manners, religion, legends, ways of living and turns of mind. Changes, beneficial or otherwise, have been traced; and there is a worthy passage about the great days of Edinburgh—the city's expansion and growing, deserved fame as a European capital (this began, whatever may be said against the eighteenth century, in the eighteenth century).

The book is more than descriptive, on any plane; it contains and develops an argument. The illustrations, excellent in their variety, are up to the standard of the Series.

"SERVICES WRENDERED" (Sampson Low, Marston; 7s. 6d.) is "by Sonia Snodgrass, guided by J. E. Broome." This assemblage, inside one lively cover, of the Broome W.R.N.S. drawings will be enthusiastically received. The divine, irrepressible Snodgrass renders her adventures and misadventures in light verse. A most winning lest-we-forget book—were one ever likely to!



Colonel and Mrs. F. P. L. Gray with their infant son, Charles Richard Lawrence, and the godparents, the Hon. Patrick Kinnaird and Miss Audrey Laing, after the christening at St. Philip's Church, Earl's Court Road, W.8



St. George's Church, Hanover Square, was the scene of the christening of Bryan Hugh Samuel Barrow, the son of Major Peter and Mrs. Barrow. The Earl of Shrewsbury was a godparent. Mrs. Barrow is the daughter of the Countess of Drogheda and Lord Victor Paget



Jocelyn Ishbel Ann were the names given to the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Macleod at her christening in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Capt. Macleod, who is M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macleod, of Skeabost, and Mrs. Macleod is the daughter of Mrs. M. Sinclair, of Miserden, Glos.

CHRISTENINGS

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review of Weddings



Allen — Niemeyer

Mr. David Allen, elder son of the late Mr. Sidney Allen and of Mrs. Allen, of Amberley, Gloucestershire, married Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dennis Moss, of Cirencester, and widow of F/Lt. T. M. Niemeyer, R.A.F., at Ashton Keynes Church



Edmondson — Hunt

Lt. the Hon. J. C. Edmondson, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Lord and Lady Sandford, married Miss Catherine M. Hunt, daughter of the Master of St. Cross and Mrs. Oswald Hunt, at the Chapel of St. Cross, Winchester. The bride's father officiated and Capt. the Hon. Anthony Edmondson, brother of the bridegroom, was best man



Treadaway — Elliott

Lt.-Col. Peter Treadaway, M.B.E., R.E., married Junior Cdr. M. A. Elliott, A.T.S. Bride and bridegroom are both formerly of Headquarters 30 Corps District, B.A.O.R. The marriage took place at All Saints Parish Church, Ecclesall, Sheffield



Pugh — Calcraft

Mr. Gilbert Pugh, son of Mrs. L. G. Pugh, of Chetwynd End, Newport, Salop, married Miss Helen Calcraft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Calcraft, of London, and Bulmer, Suffolk, at St. Mary's Church, Ruiship



Constantine — Delpeuch

F/Lt. John Edward Constantine, son of the late Mr. Frederick William Constantine of London, married Mlle. Jacqueline Delpeuch, only daughter of the late M. Pierre Delpeuch, and granddaughter of M. Edmund Roger, ex-Governor-General of Monaco, at the British Embassy Church, Paris



Cox — Gordon Clark

Mr. John Howard Cox, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. H. Cox, of Eastnor Grove, Leamington Spa, married Miss Alice Jocelyn Gordon Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gordon Clark, of the Old Cottage, Mickleham, at St. Michael's, Mickleham



THE new beauty care . . .

so utterly **SIMPLE** . . . blessedly brief, designed

for clock-conscious **LIFE** to-day! All you need

for the skin, **IN**

three basic, classic **BEAUTY** preparations

by Coty . . . password to complexion **CARE!**

Coty

CONDITIONING CREAM
smoothes away dryness

CLEANSING CREAM
one for Normal, one for Dry skin

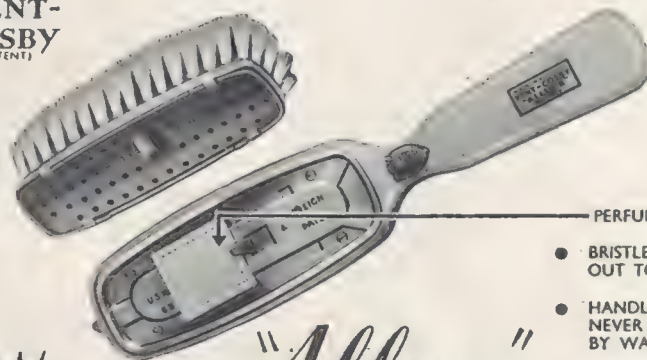
SKIN FRESHNER
tones, helps to refine texture

Beauty Secret..

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set". Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set".

The best brush for this purpose is . . .

The
KENT-COSBY
(PATENT)



"Allure"
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

PERFUME PAD

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

Brushes Beauty and fragrance into your hair!

S. B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24 OLD BOND ST., LONDON W.1.



'NICOLL CLOTHES' (Wholesale only) 8, 9, 10 LOWER JAMES STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

M. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD.

**FASHION
PAGE
by
Winifred
Lewis**



We Present . . .

TWINS

Twin sets have been playing "hard-to-get" for some time now. The situation is still far from easy, but our illustrations show two covetable sets making a brief appearance in the shops. The Angora Ballantyne set is at Selfridges, Oxford Street, and Jenners, of Edinburgh; the Pringle Utility twin set in soft wool is from Dickins and Jones of Regent Street, and Copeland and Lye, of Glasgow





ability in
tailormades

SALE: DELLBURY GARMENTS LTD., 3/4A LITTLE PORTLAND STREET, W.1

Keep Age at Bay



...where age first tells its tale

It is the skin, and most noticeably the skin, that reveals the advancing years. And now it is easy to capture—and to keep—a soft, smooth, wrinkle-free skin by using Damaskin at night as a Skinfood, and as a Foundation by day. Tired, dry tissues are rejuvenated and in their place you see a new and exciting loveliness. Try Damaskin now and keep age at bay where age first tells its tale. From all good chemists and stores. If out of stock send 5/- or 9/2 (double size) to Colloidal Chemists (T.10.2) Ltd., 35, Bessborough Place, S.W.1.



Damaskin

FOR LASTING  LOVELINESS



Evening elegance in crepe, discreetly embroidered with sequins (7 coupons). £15.15.0

Model Gowns—First Floor

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)



The
Chef
always
recommends.

Escoffier
SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

... and with the fruits of Peace
Sauce Melba—which made Pêche
Melba famous.

ESCOFFIER LTD., HARDERS RD.
LONDON, S.E.15

Favoured by Nature

In surroundings of endless charm, with fragrant pine woods skirting cliffs and private sea promenade, Branksome Tower Hotel gives luxurious comfort amidst the perfect natural setting. Patronised by Royalty and people accustomed to the world's finest hotels, Branksome Tower is famous for its gracious living and flawless service, and possesses a cellar of international reputation. There are four first-class hard tennis courts, and a squash court in the ten acres of grounds and several excellent golf courses near at hand.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone: Bournemouth 4000
Grams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth
Patronised by Royalty FNI

TORBAY HOTEL TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

FULLY LICENSED
LIFTS TO ALL FLOORS

WRITE FOR TARIFF T

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Cynthia Johnson who is to marry Lt.-Col. W. Byford-Jones, of Birches Court, Staffordshire, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. U. B. Jones. Miss Johnson is the only daughter of the late Captain W. Johnson and of Mrs. Johnson



Miss Maureen Suzanne Ovenstone is the elder daughter of the late Mr. William Ovenstone and Mrs. E. Barrington. She is engaged to Mr. Robert Weare Sword, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Sword, of Corfe, near Taunton



Miss Cooleen Dwyer whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. P. A. O'Reilly, youngest son of the late Captain and Mrs. P. P. O'Reilly. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dwyer



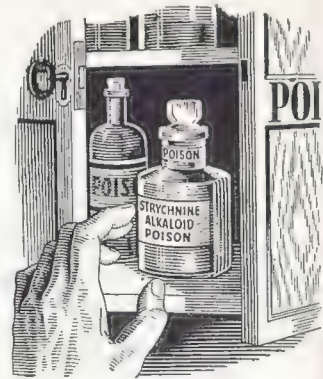
Miss Margaret W. Mitchell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mitchell of Denny, Stirlingshire, and North Berwick, is to marry Lt. A. J. A. Rickards, R.N.V.R., only son of Commander and the late Mrs. A. Rickards



Miss Kathleen Evans whose engagement was announced in November to Major Guy Mytton Thornycroft, youngest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. M. Thornycroft. She is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. H. Evans



Miss Felicity Parsons, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Montgomerie Parsons, who is engaged to Captain Basil Spencer Beddall, M.C., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bowman Beddall, of Exeter. She is to be married in February



COCAINE, morphine, digitalis, strychnine and many other potent poisons... all death-dealing drugs yet, in proper dosage, invaluable for the relief of suffering, are locked away in the pharmacy's Poison Cupboard. Only a registered chemist is entitled to keep the key. His is the responsibility of safeguarding society in this and other ways from the abuse of these drugs—a responsibility that his record of public service well justifies. All of us rely on the chemist, and his advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex
Every comfort and amenity to make your stay enjoyable; only 60 miles from London, the Hotel immediately faces the sea and is within 25 yards of the beach

"The Hotel of the South Coast"
Hastings 3300 (5 lines)

Limited accommodation available at special winter residential terms, from £8 8s. per week

DANCING NIGHTLY TO
JOE KAYE
and his ORCHESTRA
from the Ritz and Savoy Hotels, London

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

VAPEX ON SALE AGAIN! FOR COLDS

... Exactly as before. Vapex was withdrawn in preference to using substitutes. Small supplies are now going out—in utility dress but still the genuine Vapex. Soon there will be more. From your Chemist 2/3

BREATHE THE VAPOUR

KERFOOT • BARDSEY • ENGLAND



Jumper with Coloured Cables

Knitting instructions are given in full coloured Penelope leaflet No. M1295, price 4d., from your wool shop, or if unable to obtain send 5d. to Penelope, 34 Cannon Street, Manchester, 4.



Melody

(Spun by Briggs at Beck Mills, Clayton, Yorks.)

W. BRIGGS & CO. LTD., 34 Cannon Street, Manchester, 4
The Home of Penelope Traced Needlework and Briggs Transfers

*She took endless pains
to look her loveliest, but*

*"... darling, you
look tired,"*

HE SAID



A man, in his tenderness, can strike a blow at the happiness of a pretty woman; for she knows that a tired look means an old look. So its never too early to start using Skin Deep faithfully day and night. Skilfully blended with oils, closely resembling the natural ones in your complexion. Skin Deep is really good for your skin. It's a lovely, lasting powder base by day and a rich skin food by night.

Skin Deep

BEAUTY CREAM

FOR DAY AND NIGHT USE

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET, W.1

ASD.17-812



The deep luxury of
a Jamal machineless
wave bestows that
radiant charm and
beauty which is the
birthright of every woman

Jamal

KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR



from
leading
stores

WHOLESALE ONLY

LADY IN BLACK FASHIONS LTD · THIRTEEN STRATFORD PLACE · W.1

Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

As an admirer of patent medicine advertisements—because I hold the quaint idea that the ordinary Englishman is still capable of exercising a certain amount of critical judgment—I was delighted by the poster displayed by an American railway company at the entrance to an airport: "Travel by train," it says, "and be SAFE."

Our rulers would not allow anything like that to happen here. Yet why not? Are we really, all of us, such mugs that we are incapable of discriminating between sober statement and advertising hyperbole? As a matter of fact I find that there are more prevarications in the advertisements issued by Government offices than in all the other kinds put together.

If the railway companies really believe that their lines are safe there seems to be no reason why they should not say so and—if they choose—at the entrance to an airport. Most people are fully aware that air travel is less safe than train travel. Most people know that motoring is less safe than train travel. They choose the car and the aeroplane because these vehicles offer, to them, certain advantages which, for them, outweigh the increased risk.

No Ostrich Policy

It is important for those of us who want to see aviation prosper to insist upon open discussion of its defects as well as its virtues. The development of motoring has proved that men and women will not be deterred by danger from using a vehicle which they like or find useful. They can readily be deterred by laws and regulations; but not by danger.

So the question really is, not, "Do people think air travel safe?" but, "Do they like it or find it useful?" I believe we can say that those who travel by large flying boat do usually like it. I am much less certain about those who travel by landplane. And I doubt if anybody finds air travel especially useful.

It sometimes saves a lot of time, and it sometimes



F/Lt. Derek S. Iles and his bride, Miss Brigid Doreen Ozanne, elder daughter of Maj.-Gen. W. M. Ozanne, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., of Mill House, Wroxham, Norfolk, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, S.W.

wastes a lot of time. And remember that to hang about for half an hour before travelling in a 200 mile-an-hour aeroplane is more infuriating than to hang about for half an hour before travelling in a 45 mile-an-hour train.

If private enterprise had still been allowed I would have expected by now to have seen something done to find out whether helicopters could help in cutting down air travel delays. The Americans are, for the second time, testing a helicopter mail service. Over here, where the proportion of built-up area is greater, the helicopter might have even greater advantages to offer.

The Eire Agreement

I do not know if I read my Hansard too hastily and missed out a bit; but I could find no answer by Lord Nathan, Minister of Civil Aviation, to the

inquiry by Lord Swinton about the Eire air agreement. There was a tremendous amount about the Chicago Convention and about how it forbade discriminatory agreements; but there seemed to be nothing about why Eire should control an air line operating company which we largely pay for and should at the same time obtain remarkable concessions about the use of Irish airports.

Personally I am in favour of Eire being given concessions because she is showing great enthusiasm and energy in the development of civil aviation. But the White Paper looked grossly discriminatory, and I have never seen the reason for this attitude explained in either House. If we are going to be exceptionally kind to Eire I do not see why we should not be equally kind to France, Belgium and Holland.

Old Ladies

To listen to them, one might think that the air-line operators carried nothing but invalids and old ladies. The old ladies are given as the reason parachutes could not be supplied, and now the old ladies are being given as the reason that take-off accelerators are unsuited to the passenger routes.

But, as I argued in these notes the other day, we must soon adopt some device for shortening the take-off runs. Perhaps when, on January 8, I discussed the various possibilities I ought to have added that the test will be which kind of device—composite take-off, re-fuelling in the air, rocket assistance, catapult or accelerator—the old ladies are likely to prefer.

The air-line operators, however, have many appallingly difficult problems to settle. Their present policy of resisting all novelties which would make air transport more complicated, noisy and confusing is clearly correct. They have enough to do to make all the existing equipment work well. Assisted take-off must wait a little longer.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and, that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

From the Chilprufe Album

This is MARY



Mary, with her reputation on the playing field and in class, is a fine example of the healthy mind in a healthy body. Of course, she wears Chilprufe. Matron is very keen on its wonderful, all-weather protection.

We know how difficult it is to find Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear these days; there just isn't enough to go round! Next best (and a very good next best indeed) is Chilprufe 'Utility,' which bears all the characteristics of cut, finish and workmanship that you expect to find in a garment made by Chilprufe.

Chilprufe

Regd. for CHILDREN

Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies, Pram Toys and Man-Tailored Coats for Children.

Supplied only through Chilprufe Agents.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
LEICESTER

**CHILPRUFE IS
PURE WOOL
MADE PERFECT**

JACOB'S

water biscuits



W. & R. JACOB & CO (LIVERPOOL) LTD

Napoleon hadn't a word for it . . .

"There is no such word as impossible," said Napoleon—but we, at Bernard Weatherill, must admit that there have been times during the past few years when we have caught the word trembling on our tongues. But, with courage born sometimes more of desperation than of hope, we have refrained from uttering it. After all, we still have supplies, though dwindling, of our finest materials; and, fortunately, we still have our craftsmen. So we are able to supply your needs in reasonable time and cost. Our vocabulary is at one with the Emperor's. Come what may, we are sticking to our story . . . "There is no such word as 'impossible.'"



Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

11 Bennetts Hill, Birmingham
(and at Aldershot, Ascot, and Richmond, Yorks.)

Built to last...



The Men's Shoe Department at Simpsons is not only distinguished for its fine footwear—hand-lasting, well-styled and long wearing—but endless care and skill is devoted to the actual fitting of the shoes.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.
202 Piccadilly, London, W.1
Regent 2002



THE STANDARD
FOURTEEN COUPÉ

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY
STANDARD CARS • FERGUSON TRACTORS • TRIUMPH CARS



Maensson Clothes

LAST FOR YEARS
AND YEARS!

For durability alone, a Maensson Suit is top value for coupons. Maensson style and elegance, however, are coupon-free.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD., 106 Regent Street, London, W.1

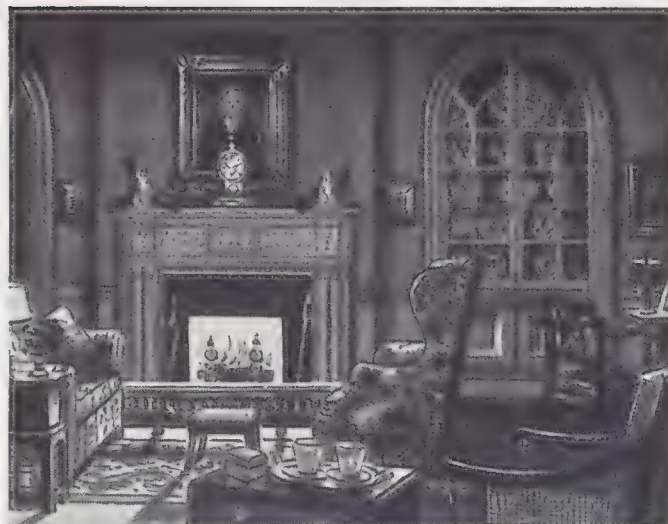
Haig



THE production of Scotch Whisky of the quality of Haig cannot be hurried, so the present shortage must continue yet awhile. But it is only a matter of time before it will again be possible to obtain Haig simply by asking for it.

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



GENTLE INDULGENCE

When at last the day's work is done, you naturally feel you have earned a little pampering. You pull your favourite chair a few inches nearer the fire. You arrange a stool for your feet, a cushion for your head. You settle back. Ha! . . .

And as the evening wears on, your tired body calls for still further indulgence—a soothing glass of Horlicks. What a comfort it is! How pleasant to know that tonight you will sleep the deep, unbroken sleep you need so much, and tomorrow you will awake refreshed.

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing out what they have as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

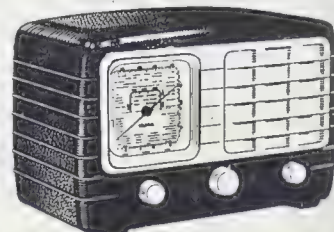


*A Swan Pen
for the New Year*

A certain number of pens will be available in the shops for the New Year; side lever and modern leverless pens from 21/- to 50/- Purchase Tax extra.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON, W.1

There were stories about people crying when he played. It seemed such nonsense! Until tonight . . . she had lowered her head towards the end, not wanting to look a fool . . . it was only music. Only radio. But nearer, closer, strangely closer than radio came before . . . She flips off the switch with her fingers. It is silent now, that very small set . . . so lovely to look at, so wonderful to hear.



T401 (A.C.) £15.0.0
Plus £3.4.6 purchase tax

NEW ULTRA RADIO

More than a set—it's a service

ULTRA ELECTRIC LTD., SALES DEPT., 62 BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1
U.1r

All material things being equal, it's **craftsmanship** that counts



INDIA
TYRES



The **Craftsmanship-built** tyre

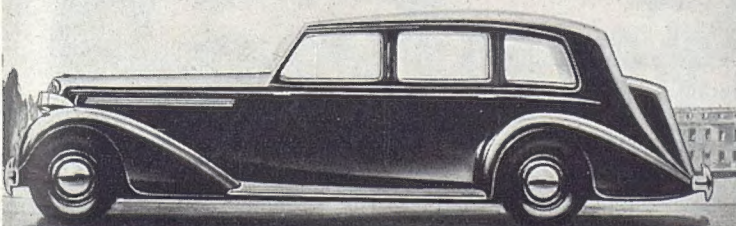


Thrupp & Maberly

LONDON
1760-1947

*Carriage Builders
through the centuries*

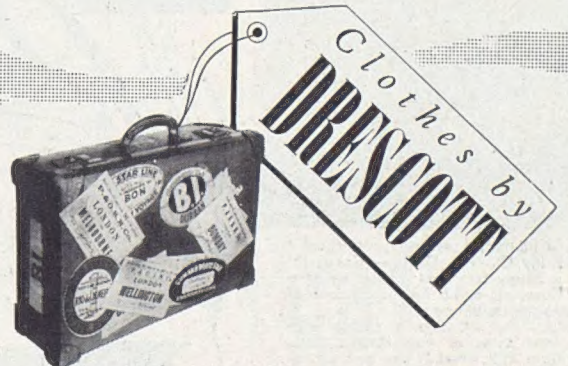
HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE



A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



We regret there is still difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes owing to production problems and export demands. But their quality will repay you when, eventually, you are able to secure them.



DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD. DUDLEY WORCESTERSHIRE



Beauty

is not looks alone

True loveliness springs from a deep-down source—from confidence, from assurance, from the knowledge of *freedom*. And these are the benefits which Tampax brings. Tampax means peace of mind *at all times*. Loveliness can never be clouded by doubt or worry: with Tampax, you can wear what you like and do what you like.

TAMPAX

Internal Sanitary Protection

Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex



THAT'S WHAT I CALL A LOVELY FIGURE



... the "eyes" have it when it comes to a lovely figure ... and only she knows the secret. It's one of the new, even lovelier, closer fitting (and no more expensive, by the way) J.B. foundations. There's more and more becoming available.

J.B.



*It's right for Pa
And right for Ma
It's right for little me:
If you use Wright's
Like all of us
How right you too*



will be!

**WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT
for EVERYONE!**

IDEAL FOR TOILET
AND NURSERY



*Cow & Gate?—
of course*



"What is Mummy busy with over there? I know! My COW & GATE—Goody!"
It is a happy fact that babies do love Cow & Gate. It builds fine specimens of healthy, happy childhood.
Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

3820

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES



Your writing looks its best on
Bowersburn
Sold by all the best Stationers

Pagatelle
MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON • DINNERS • SUPPERS
DANCING 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m.
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DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • MAYFAIR PLACE
BERKELEY ST. W.1 • Tel. GRO. 1128/9, 1268, 3268

(Gen. Mngr. F. Ferraro)

**HOWARD'S
ASPIRIN**
is not the
cheapest
—it is the
Best

See the name Howards on every tablet

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

Made by
HOWARDS OF ILFORD
Makers for 150 years of
Howards' Tasteless Bicarbonate of Soda, etc.

GWR * LMS * LNER * SR

announcing



**Better
Refreshment
Services**

Although present conditions preclude the full return of refreshment facilities, many restaurant cars have been re-introduced and other catering amenities are being steadily improved

POPULAR FACILITIES RESTORED



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
Tanqueray Gordon & Co., Ltd.

*Quality
Incomparable*

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

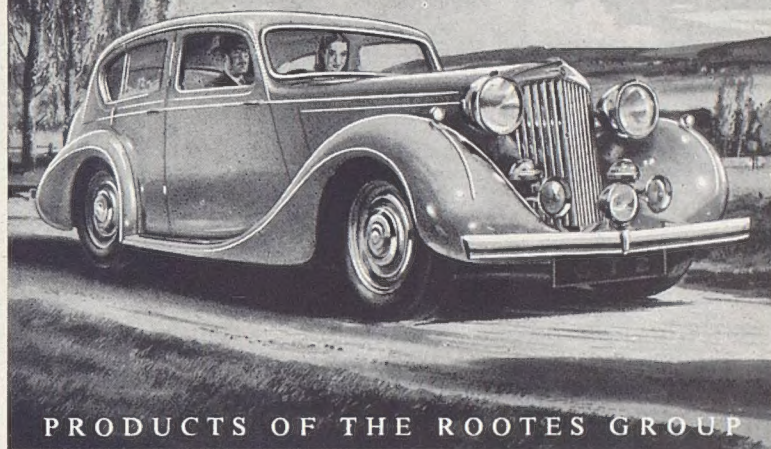
Maximum Prices: Per bottle 25/3; Half-bottle 13/3. U.K. only



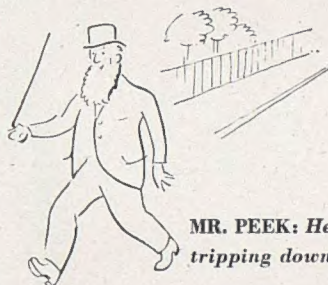
THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM-TALBOT

TEN AND TWO LITRE

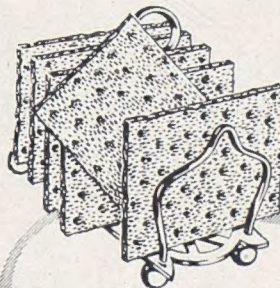
BRITAIN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE
LIGHT CAR

PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP



MR. PEEK: Here's Grandpa tripping down the street.

MR. FREAN: He must have changed to Vita-Weat!



PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat
REC'D.



By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

THE CRISPREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT

that **Brevitt** look



Russell & Bromley

★ BROMLEY

CROYDON · EALING · LEYTONSTONE · STREATHAM · EASTBOURNE

BEDFORD · GUILDFORD · SEVENOAKS · CHICHESTER · WINCHESTER · TORQUAY · TUNBRIDGE WELLS · ST. LEONARDS · HERNE BAY · BROADSTAIRS · RYDE · CLACTON